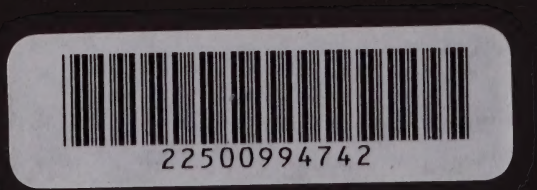
Dr. Hugh Miller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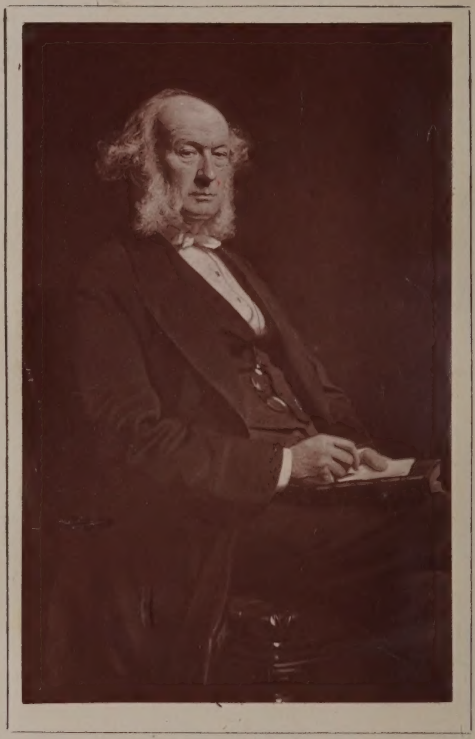

HUGH MILLER, M.D.

THOS. PRIMROSE
Edinburgh

LIFE

OF

HUGH MILLER, M.D.,

FELLOW OF THE FACULTY OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF GLASGOW;

OF GLASGOW, BOMBAY, AND BROOMFIELD.

BY THE

REV. W. W. PEYTON,

MINISTER OF FREE ST. LUKE'S, BROUGHTY FERRY, N.B.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

1883.

THOS. PRIMROSE
Edinburgh

BZP (Miller)

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To the dear Memory

OF THE LATE

MRS. MILLER OF BROOMFIELD,

WHO HAD INFLUENCED MY LIFE FROM MY YOUTH,
AND IN WHOSE ENTHUSIASTIC PROMPTINGS
THESE MEMORIALS HAD
THEIR ORIGIN.

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PREFACE.

THIS memoir has its origin in the loving earnestness of the late Mrs. Miller. I had known Dr. Miller from my youth. She had an idea that the story of her husband's life could be told with some profit. She argued and pressed the point upon me for two years. I did not see that there were any materials for literature, and if there had been, I had not leisure to turn them to any good account. After two years, I yielded to her affectionate pressure to do something with what material there was, and this is the result. I consented

on the understanding that the memorials should be used for private circulation.

Mrs. Miller's idea was to present a copy to those friends with whom her husband had been associated in business, and in church and missionary life. She died on the 29th December last, after a hundred pages had been printed, and another ninety had been in MS. Her representatives came to the sacred resolution to respect her wishes, and asked me to carry out her idea of the memoir. I had serious misgivings about going on after her death. But it has been done. It is now sent by her sorrowing friends, in accordance with her fervent wishes, as her gift to her husband's friends.

W. W. PEYTON.

FORT ROCK, BROUGHTY FERRY,
July 27th, 1883.

CHAPTER I.

1812–1823.

BIRTH—CHILDHOOD—PARISH OF STEWARTON—
GALLOWAYFORD—EARLY SCHOOLS—PARENTS.

Sure enough, the highest life touches always, by large sections of it, on the vulgar and universal.

CARLYLE.

THERE are great lives lived in this world of which there are plentiful records. They are the towering peaks of high mountains on which the eye rests with wonder and delight. The performances and high utterances of men of genius are preserved by us as the historic heirlooms of humanity, of which we are all proud, whosoever we may be. But surely every peak is supported by lower mountain masses not observed by the eye, and these on broader and larger and still lower ridges, on which the humble grass grows and the common daisy blooms. And as the higher mountains make the soil of the humbler valleys, the materials of high and low are the same, and it would be a

gain to the world if the more ordinary life were pictured to us in its struggles and sorrows and victories and mysteries. We should know what daily human nature is by biographies written of those who lived on its grassy slopes, of which same humanity men of thought and inspiration are made, whose representatives they are in the parliament of counsel and action, by whose suffrages the great man gets his place in the world. Our parishes would be brightened if such men, whose levels are of ordinary humanity, had the story of their lives told, that every parish may see the materials out of which the great and the good come.

If only we could get materials for such lives, they should be the most interesting and exemplary to us, whom we could attempt to imitate and not merely admire. Let us see great faculties in some of their lower forms, a high piety in its humbler manifestations, and we shall understand

better and seek to realize with more hope of attainment the higher and greater things.

Hugh Miller, M.D., of the University of Glasgow, and Fellow of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, was a Miller on both sides of the house.

The parish of Stewarton, in Ayrshire, is ten miles long, and between three and four miles broad, lying north-east by south-west, and lies in that old division of the county known as Cunningham. The road from Irvine through the parish of Stewarton divides at the farm of Crossgates, one going to the town of Stewarton, and the other into the parish of Dunlop. At this fork is the ancestral farm of the maternal Millers. Elizabeth Miller, his mother, was born here. About half a mile on the Dunlop road from Crossgates is the paternal property of the Millers, from which the father of Dr. Miller came. Gallowayford is a property and farm of twenty-six acres, on which Dr. Hugh

Miller was born. James Miller of Gallowayford and Elizabeth Miller from Crossgates were married in the year 1794. They were the parents of eight children, seven sons, all of whom came to manhood, and one daughter who died in infancy. Hugh was the youngest of the seven sons, and he was only fourteen months old when the father died. Here is the family register :—

James	born 1797.	William	born 1804.
John	„ 1799.	Robert	„ 1806.
Thomas	„ 1801.	Alexander	„ 1809.
Mary	„ 1803.	Hugh	„ 1812.

Dr. Robert is the only survivor of the brothers, who lives in London, in the retirement of an honourable career and well-spent life in Canada, on whom the family lineaments are quite visible, of activity and geniality, the look upward, the foot on realities.

The old house on the farm of Gallowayford is still standing just as it was ; for in

this ever-changing world there are things which do not change, and while men pass away the things remain. In the garden there are apple trees on which Hugh looked in his childhood with that wonder which children look and long for fruit. On the west boundaries of the farm are ash, and alder, and pines which were planted before Hugh's father was born. Hugh's father bought this property from the Somervilles of Kennox, and now it has been bought back and merged into the estate of Kennox. On this small property and farm of Gallowayford the mother brought up the seven sons till the eldest was able to succeed and manage the farm, and took the younger brothers under his wing. The farm-house consists of two rooms, the kitchen and the sitting-room, and, like all Ayrshire farm-houses, the shed and barn form one wing of the house, and the byre the other wing, the whole making a long rectangular building. An Ayrshire

farm-house has also other peculiarities; its walls are whitewashed, kept brightly white in the landscape of the country. The floors are figured with chalk diagrams—outside and inside white, the look of a fragrant cleanliness everywhere. In this small house, with the connected byre and barn, the childhood of Hugh was spent up to his eleventh year.

On the fork of the roads where the farm of his mother's family was situated, nearly opposite to the farm-house of Crossgates, a school stood which supplied the wants of the country parts of the parish, far removed from the town of Stewarton. The house is now demolished, but its site is quite visible hard on the roadside, and you can trace the mud walls right round, now overgrown with grass and telling a tale of its past history, when it was a nursery for souls who had come into the world, and who had to learn the uses of the world, and to handle its elements. Its roof was of thatch,

and its floor was mud. It was taught by students who attended college in winter. The education was of a limited character, but it was effective. It was largely through the medium of the Bible and the Shorter Catechism ; the Bible has been the higher education of the world. This teaching has given that back-bone to the land, the strength of which has been seen in what the sons of Scotland have done in every part of the world, which has made them the pioneers of missions and education and politics everywhere. The Shorter Catechism, as the book which interpreted the Bible, and classified some of its contents, has been the favourite question and answer of theology, and has given that conception of God and of His world which has furnished a clear medium in which we can work. It was through the Bible and the Shorter Catechism that reading was learnt, and all the history and geography of the world got. The 12th chapter of

Ecclesiastes, the Book of Proverbs, and the 119th Psalm, and the Revelation, had to be learnt by heart in this school, perhaps the most difficult books in the Bible for children, on the principle that if these difficult portions are not overcome in childhood, they never would in later life. A tradition is still current in the family, and at Stewarton, of Hugh being brought to this school at the age of four, and as yet receiving no book to handle, sitting on the form doing nothing but yawning, and then putting his arms round a girl as old as himself, and a cousin of his own, and saying, 'I'll gie this yin a lesson,'—as if weary of doing nothing and sitting still, a prophecy pointing to a future of activities.

There is another schooling which is going in the country for all who are brought up amid rural scenes. Nature is photographing itself on the sensitive 'plate' of a child's mind, and each season with its spring freshnesses, and its summer heats

and lights, and its autumn tints and sunsets, and its winter storms and severities, is depositing impressions. Nature is God's appointed schoolmaster for us. The southern boundary of the farm of Galloway-ford is the burn of Glazert; and a running stream wimpling along in calm days, and in a spate rushing down from side to side, is the delight of young folk, and the wonder of their young eyes. It is said that big trout may be seen in its pools, shallow though they be. In one place the burn is crowded with the yellow water-lily, the *Nuphar lutea*, which must have been a summer wonder to the children, with its bright yellow flowers, and curious floral structure, and strong brandy-like scent. On its banks are all manner of wild-flowers, the purple geranium, the queen of the meadow, the Lychnis, ever suggesting mute thoughts to our young minds, and ever loved by them for their unspoken talk with our souls. The farm to the north

slopes up and rises by several feet, and is altogether 200 feet above the sea. A hedge of hawthorn makes the northern boundary, and from this hedge quite a panorama of hills is visible. The Kilbirnie hills to the north-west, and the peaks of Arran to the west, the Dundonald hills to the south-west, and the Carrick hills to the south, make an interesting landscape always to be seen from the farm; and when mist or dusky weather concealed them, the mind would ever picture their lost forms. The whole line of the island of Arran would be seen by him almost daily. The lofty northern part, with its cones, serrations, corries, lights and shadows, and mountain lines which would have a new aspect and value in different weathers, and then this high skyline sloping down into a lower line of land, with the sea washing its base, and Ailsa Craig also visible, make a most favoured view. Amid the drudgeries of farm toils a rare

landscape would always meet the eye. The boy could not go after the cow in the park, or rush out after the dog, or look out from the cottage door, but he is among hills. A hill in the distance holds secrets for us; there are things to be known and to be had far away, is the message of the hills to us. The parish schools, and the Bible, and the Shorter Catechism, and poverty and struggle, and the hills, have made Scotland the power it is, and reared a race who are ever rising in the world to do the brain-work which it requires.

The boy has always a third education, and the highest, in his parents, making the deeper substratum of our being. We come into the world with a cross inheritance of powers derived from two parents, selected for us by occult powers which rule over us; and what is developed from this transmission, mingling with that originality which is in each man, makes the mystery of each man's individuality. To-

wards this individuality the parents further contribute by their teaching and training. Both the parents had contributed sterling qualities to their children. The father was a short, strong-built man, with great good sense, which made him a frequent referee in disputes, and arbiter in negotiations,—'a man of sense to judge between man and man,' as one of the two men who still remembers him said of him, though he is dead nearly seventy years ago. His opinion was sought and followed—a solid, trustworthy, God-fearing man, a good specimen of that type of Scotchmen in the beginning of the century, who laid the foundations of their country's prosperity. He was hard-working, thrifty, capable of laying money by. He carried in his soul the fine ambition that he would give £100 to each of his seven sons to begin the world, and had nearly reached that mark when he died, which for a man who only owned twenty-six acres showed no common diligence, self-

denial, and independence. The parents clearly belonged to the best kind of Scottish farmers, who give to their children that force of character which has brought them into the front ranks of every profession and business at home and abroad. The family circle still cleaves to the parish and district, the Millers of Stacklawhill, the Nairns of Bloakhillhead, the Robertsons of Lugton Rigg, the Nairns of Old Mains, the Garvens of Mavisbank, the Millers of Wardlaw, a circle full of diligent, prudent, honest, genial characters, men and women of human sense, and natural kindliness, and clear eyes, and prosperous aspects, looking also far away into the distances and skies above us. An aged member of this circle said to me, of this world and the next, 'If we get a better world, we'll no miss this yin.'

The father died in the year 1813, and Hugh had received no training from his father, for he was then fourteen months old. It was upon the mother that the younger

of the seven sons were wholly dependent for training; and a mother's influence is ever the most potent and perennial of human blessings, the memories of a mother the deepest mark on our character, the clearest guide to our movements, the most stinging rebuke to our aberrations. The mother was a woman who is described as above the common, who carried a gentility in her manners—tidy, active, pushing; who managed the farm, toiled hard with the children; who crowned all by a godliness which in later life, and in its maturer form, was felt by all who came near her. A noble devotion she must have bestowed on the upbringing of seven sons, and fine impulses she must have imparted, four of whom became medical men, and the other three took up large farms and businesses. The family tradition is that she aimed at spiritual results in her family, and often said that if the highest was gained the lower and earthly would take care of itself.

CHAPTER II.

1823–1831.

BOYHOOD—FLITTINGS—THE DIVINE LEADING—
MAYBOLE—KILMARNOCK.

I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.—ISA. XLII. 16.

I have surnamed thee, though thou hast not known Me. I am the Lord, and there is none else, there is no God besides Me. I girded thee, though thou hast not known Me.—ISA. XLV. 4, 5.

NO settling down for any man, and no routines, if he will only see it. We must make friends with the messengers of change. We are not allowed to move in one straight continuous line; one set of surroundings are taken down, and we have to enter into new surroundings, that we may look at the world in a new light. A variety of elements make their scratches on us, or draw their deeper furrows. We would like to strike sail, slip anchor, and move down somewhere—such is the sheer inertia of our nature.

James Miller, the eldest of the brothers, and now the laird of Gallowayford, and who takes the youngest brothers under his wing, gets bigger, and larger ideas possess him

He thinks of a large farm, and finds it first in the neighbourhood, and then near Maybole, where he removes, and there Hugh and his mother remove. Hugh is eleven, and now at the farm of Grangehouse, in the parish of Maybole. What education is going, and the sanctioned ways of it, he takes into the susceptible soil of a young soul. Come from a race of farmers on both sides of the house, all the traditions of the family being that of agriculture, Hugh thinks of adopting agriculture for a business, spends every spare bit of time from school in farm labours. In the day the education into vocables is going on, in the mornings and evenings the education into the soil and cattle and manure.

The boyhood of Hugh was bright; all the accounts speak of it as possessing in no common degree a buoyancy and joyousness. One who saw him then, and still lives, and was older than he, describes him in sentences like these: 'He was tricky

and clever, full of fun.' 'None of us were fit for him.' 'Few like him for sport, a stirring, sparkie callant.'

'I girded thee, though thou hast not known me,' is a striking Hebrew thought expressed by Isaiah. God girds us unknown to ourselves. God sets us in tracks, turns us from one track into another; and as His voice is often not heeded, and not likely to be heeded in its ordinary tones, it becomes loud and imperative. In the mist of possibilities which envelopes a young human soul in the world, you cannot tell what definite shape of things is to emerge. Lads are loose made, and all is loose about them, and into what forms they will ultimately stiffen, and find their place, is ever an interest to their friends, and often a dread anxiety which hangs round a young man. There are no made roads for any young man into the world; they are made for him, and often by harsh methods. One day in February, making ready the

ground for beans, Hugh and a fellow-worker who still lives, were carrying materials to the soil in a cart. Hugh, always venturesome and wanting fun, leaped suddenly upon the foreboard of the cart, which started the horse, and he ran away, rushing in his fright into the mill-dam, where the cart lost its wheels, and the wheelless cart was taken by the swimming animal to the other side. Hugh fell to the ground and was picked up with a broken leg—nothing more than a broken leg, but a broken leg which shapes his future course. The bone was long in uniting, and the limb long in getting on the way again. He was declared unfit for manual labour; the horse and the cart have taken their way into the mill-dam, a young human soul finds through their means new currents of life. He must have work where pen or brain will serve him, and not muscle, hand or foot.

In 1828, at the age of sixteen, he is

articled to Douglas & Hamilton, writers in Kilmarnock. For three years he serves to law, in that routine of copying and clerking, and carrying dry papers from office to court, and court to client, which gives insight into the necessary and unnecessary litigiousness of human nature, and which opens a youth's eyes to the wonders of the said appellant and the aforesaid defendant. The buoyances of boyhood passed into the energies of youth; and into his legal apprenticeship he infused his characteristic earnestness, till it encountered an unexpected check. It grew doubtful to him if this really can be his life-work; as time wears on, the young man's heart could not be got into it, the currents of his nature would not flow in said channels, and it became apparent to him that it were not wise to force his activities where his heart was not, or to dig channels for the streams of life in the rocky bed of disinclination and incom-

patibilities. He strained to make the best of it; it is a hard thing to lose one's apprenticeship, and to begin anew and attempt another profession. But misgivings about the rectitudes of a lawyer's life began to visit him; and when scruples of conscience are added to a natural disinclination, a halt has to be made. He writes to a companion in law studies, who still lives, John Sturrock, Esq., writer, Kilmarnock, his youthful doubts and difficulties. Time sweeps into the huge waste-paper basket of destruction our letters and their thoughts and syntaxes, but there are wonderful preservations, and we have Hugh Miller's early thoughts saved from the wreck. Crudeness and conscience are both very visible in the following letter, but conscience finally determines his course, and the law is abandoned :—

'KILMARNOCK, 11*th July* 1831.

. . . 'I agree with you so far in the description of the lawyer, as well as that of the black and white men. It is no wonder at all that people cry down upon the

lawyers as in general a set of impostors. And the reason is because the law of itself is so ridiculous that it is impossible for any man, however good, to put it into execution without loading his client with a most enormous sum of expenses, and even till the very last the result is unknown, although the facts and truths of the case are as obvious as the sun at noonday.—And justly does he incur the censure of his client so long as he (the client) does not know the real state of matters. It is not, therefore, to be considered ludicrous though reformers, when calling for other things, should at the same time call very loudly for reform in the administration of the law. I agree with you, however, that the lawyers are not all bad, at least it is to be hoped not; but this I would say, that there are few if any of them good and unblameable. By this I mean that they are almost all defiled with the dirty garments of the law, which they are obliged to wear, and they are, in consequence of habit, corrupted with some malady or other relative to their profession.—I would perhaps be too rash if I were to term them dishonest, but I maintain that if they *hear* a client's story, see that the case is a hopeless one, at the same time (for the sake of cash) take up the case, they are dishonest. And where, I would ask, is the lawyer who, if a wealthy man comes to him with a case, if it is not all the worse, will not take it up? I dare say some are better than others, and have a greater desire to maintain their respectability, and if any case was presented to them disgraceful they might barter cash for honour and

refuse it; but yet another case may come even *more* corrupt in its nature but not so visible, and that he will take. From this, then, I am warranted to maintain that they are almost all in one degree or other corrupted; and it could scarcely be otherwise, for supposing that a question were to arise between two gentlemen, one of them must be wrong. Now they flee to litigation, and if two lawyers are employed, one of them must also be wrong. It may, however, happen that from lies which have been told the lawyer, he may have conducted his case on a wrong ground, and have no blame attachable to him; but when one case of that description occurs, twenty will occur of a different kind. Because a lawyer, when asking questions from his client, may have the truth of the case from him and see it too, when it could not be extracted from him by his opponent or his agent. But the truth is, he does not want the truth of the case for fear his conscience should afterwards check him, and what consequently must be the nature of complaint or defence? Why, a perfect lie upon lie, and fiction upon fiction, a hideous jargon of trifling absurdities not fit to be understood by a plain English scholar. Upon the whole, John, I think it is a disgraceful profession, and if I had known it as well before I chose it as I now do, I would have chosen a more honourable one.'

So ended a three years' clerkship to law and a miscellaneous clerkship of other kinds,

a valuable outfit of general culture, as if he was preparing unconsciously for a larger world than that of a country solicitor in Ayrshire or Scotland. He read Cæsar and Sallust, which latter, he says, was rather tough; attended an elocution class; attempted the Greek grammar and the New Testament, also French, which is going beyond most apprentices to law. Some rheumatism was mixed up with all this activity, giving passiveness to his life, which reads great lessons to us all, of our higher relations to mortality and immortality; and a brief reflection on these themes is found in one of his letters, when he says that pain teaches us that we should endure the will of God and not repine. Happiness is a topic with which the young are much exercised, and happy is that young man who has discovered that happiness is here as a bye-thing and not the main thing, to be had by not seeking it, to be lost by seeking it. Some such discovery

Hugh Miller has made, and we see it in his own words, writing to the same loving correspondent from Kilmarnock, October 8, 1831. His friend is in Glasgow at law :

'We know that complete happiness is not here to be found, and if any attain a short way in the road to happiness, I dare say you will not deny it to those who have given proofs of their attachment to another cause than the search after riches. Therefore I conclude that the young gent.'s happiness was not complete. But why leave it so absolutely to me? I am very sorry to think that you have formed such an opinion of me as to suppose I could be capable of setting at rest such a question, seeing I have neither studied the theoretical nor the practical part. My experience in this has taught me very little, and I may tell you part of what it has taught me. . . . This, Mr. John, is what I have discovered in my tramps, and however much our nature leads us to such trifles, it is our bounden duty to aspire after something far more noble, which will shine on our heads in after years, that our names may be handed down to posterity loaded with applause, and showing an example worthy the attention of a following generation.'

These are seminal words for a young man nineteen years of age, seeds of aspira-

tions, a looking up from the ground, a look far before him and above him for motive and impulse. And as unto us all, so to him, slowly through years and experience and trial, such early visions do become deeds and permanent energies. The Spirit of God is here.

From Kilmarnock he comes to Glasgow, still to prosecute law, and we find him in the office of Bannatyne & Kirkwood. But he gradually slips out of the law, and so insensibly glided into medicine, that when his brother Robert left for Canada in 1832, he did not know that Hugh had dropped his legal studies, whom he advised to take the medical jurisprudence class that he may become a more accomplished lawyer. There is a natural reticence about changes of plans, inevitable though they be.

CHAPTER III.

1832–1841.

CHANGES OF PLAN — LAW ABANDONED — MEDICAL STUDIES—PRACTICE IN GLASGOW—MARRIAGE.

Mysterious to all thought
A mother's prime of bliss,
When to her eager lips is brought
Her infant's thrilling kiss.
O never shall it set, the sacred light
Which dawns that moment on her tender gaze,
In the eternal distance blending bright
Her darling's hope and hers for love and joy and praise.

KEBLE.

IN the year 1832 we find Hugh Miller at the age of twenty attending medical classes in Glasgow. After the effusion against law, we are not surprised to find that the profession is abandoned; and this is the second change of plan, from agriculture to law, and law to medicine, the first from physical disability, the second from moral compulsion. But nothing is lost, neither time nor energy. It were well if such changes were more common; they give the mind a wider range, and the heart larger sympathies; broaden us, make us something more than the hacks to a business.

He takes varied classes, University, Andersonian, private, extra-mural. What-

ever is in repute for profit or excellence is selected of what is going, and is omnivorously received. In 1835 he gets his licence to practise from the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons in Glasgow. Later on he becomes M.D. of the University, and is elected Fellow of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow. His brother Alexander has been in practice for some time, and Hugh assists his brother. He is in Belfast for a few months, to take advantage of an opening there, when his brother's failing health brings him back again to take his place and get his good-will. Work now begins in right earnest; he is launched into the sea of life. The shape which has emerged out of the mist of possibilities and the changes of plans is this, that he is a medical practitioner and not legal, that he has to set nerves and bones right and not charters and wills, that he has to heal stomachs and not quarrels. The

Greeks say that the gods have a message for every man, and to get it articulately done or spoken is the urgency upon every soul, and it is through the healing art that Hugh Miller found the secret of his work, such as it was. 'I will lead them in paths that they have not known.' In unknown ways we are led by an unearthly hand.

Three brothers have found themselves also healing men, fully equipped by Faculties and Colleges, with outfit of other qualities which has come to them as the heritable estate of Gallowayford and Crossgates, parental inheritances of moral and other excellences. Thomas settled in Beith in practice, and died there not long ago. Robert, who went to Canada to practise in a new field, when Hugh was taking classes in Glasgow, and who remembers Hugh coming to Greenock to bid him good-bye, when he was starting for his colonial career. Alexander is prac-

tising in Glasgow in 1831, and who seemingly draws Hugh there. Alexander had a chequered struggle with bad health, or might have risen to the front ranks of the profession in London, who from Glasgow goes to Bombay, and from Bombay comes to Edinburgh, and thence to London, where he is fast rising in midwifery practice, when he goes to Madeira on other errand than practice, to see if the climate will practise upon him and heal him, and who died there, and lies there on that volcanic island and genial climate, where so many have found shelter from the severities of our northern island. This Alexander directs Hugh's path, and fixes it in those channels in which it went during this mortal course, and who, therefore, must be specially noticed here. Like all the Miller family, Alexander is kind-hearted, generous, pushing, persevering; but he could not amass money, though his fees in London must have been a few hundreds

a year, because, as a relative told me, 'his back door is aye wider than the fore ane,' a too generous and kind a man. It is this brother that Hugh follows to Glasgow, and then succeeds him; and it is to this brother that he became a partner in Bombay, which was the final arena of the activity which made him bequeath near £100,000, and which is left mostly for missionary and ecclesiastical purposes.

From this brother he was for a moment separated in later life by misunderstandings which have often been the agonies of the best of families, which gave him much anxiety, but in which it was abundantly proved that he was in the right, and that his brother had been misguided and misled. Dr. Hugh has erected a head-stone to the memory of his parents in the parish churchyard of Stewarton. In the inscription on that stone, he has lovingly included his brother Alexander in the family circle. The old misunderstandings are forgotten

and forgiven, and the family feelings made whole again, and the family circle restored to reconciliation, and the breach repaired by the healing art of time and death. Our character is seen not in steering clear of the inevitable strifes of life, but in the manner we conduct them, and more specially in the manner we conclude them.

In 1834, Hugh returned from Belfast to Glasgow to take his brother's practice. He took also his brother's dispensary in 1 West George Street, as was customary in those days for the medical practitioner to dispense his own medicine.

On the site of the house in which this private dispensary of young struggling physicians was, now stands the palatial Merchant House Buildings of Glasgow, like unto a palace of Venice, which stretches from West George Street to St. Vincent Place, right along George Square, whose door entrances are upheld by Atlas-like forms, and where are now the offices

of the richest businesses of the city, the Chamber of Commerce, John and James White, Young's Paraffin Light and Mineral Oil Company. Altered times and places, altered values of land and sites.

He was appointed surgeon to the 11th District of City Poor. Much miscellaneous work is now done, such as this world requires at the hands of its true workmen, and to the patient handler of details dispenses its bounties. A young man invests himself in the stock of the world's work, with his emotions, fears, as well as his labours and attentions. Strange outlooks open before him; thoughts of better days, of promotions, of a home, of family. Hugh meets frictions and struggles, but the work is on the whole well done. To the conscientious, aspiring, steady, hopeful qualities which are the moral transmissions from the Millers of Gallowayford and Crossgates, he contributes a degree more of the same virtues. What he has received

he lays out; his talents are employed; his gifts are faithfully used. We see evidence of this outlay of outfits in his candidature, in 1840, for the surgeoncy of the Town's Hospital, to which he is highly recommended both for his professional and moral qualities. Testimonials have survived the wreckage to which other papers have been doomed, four of which I give:

From the Rev. Robt. Buchanan, of the Tron Church (afterwards the Rev. Dr. Buchanan).

'Mr. Hugh Miller, surgeon, has been a member of my congregation for nearly five years. On joining it he produced a highly satisfactory certificate of Christian character and conduct from the minister with whose congregation he was previously connected. Since that time he has taught with great kindness and assiduity one of my parish schools, and has uniformly conducted himself as became his Christian profession. . . . And on the ground of my own personal knowledge, I can safely testify that he possesses that general intelligence and activity, those obliging dispositions and Christian principles, which will both incline and enable him to be faithful and efficient in the important situation after which he aspires.

'ROBERT BUCHANAN,
Minister of the Tron Parish.'

From Harry Rainy, Esq., M.D. (afterwards Professor of Medicine in the University of Glasgow).

'Mr. Hugh Miller has for several years been engaged in the practice of medicine. I believe that he is thoroughly acquainted with all its departments, and from what I know of his professional and general character, I am convinced that he is well qualified to discharge the duties of surgeon to the Town's Hospital.'

From James Watson, Esq., M.D., President of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow.

'*14th May* 1836.

'I have known Mr. Hugh Miller, surgeon here, for some years, and have had considerable opportunities of becoming acquainted with his professional character. In my opinion, if elected, he will be a valuable district surgeon. He is active and laborious in his habits, possessed of much general intelligence and good sense, and well informed in matters connected with his profession. I have no hesitation in recommending him to the favourable consideration of the electors. (Signed) 'JAMES WATSON, M.D.'

From John MacMillan, Esq., M.A., one of the Teachers in the High School.

'I hereby certify that Mr. Hugh Miller, surgeon, has been for now upwards of eighteen months acting as district surgeon in the whole of the portion of St. Paul's parish of which I am elder; that I have uniformly found him not only most prompt in visiting every case—and these have not been few—which I

recommended to him, but also very successful and humane in the treatment of his pauper patients; that I know him to be much respected and beloved by all the poor people in my portion of his district whom he has had occasion to visit professionally, for both his feeling attention to their respective cases, and kindly sympathizing with them in their trying circumstances of combined disease and poverty; that I have oftener than once found his sagacity and professional knowledge powerful auxiliaries in enabling me to detect the *real* character and habits of several applicants, of both sexes, for parochial aid; and that I should consider Mr. Miller extremely well qualified to fill, with credit to himself and advantage to the community, the situation to which he is at present aspiring. (Signed) 'JOHN MACMILLAN, M.A.

'HIGH SCHOOL, GLASGOW, *March 25th*, 1840.'

He did not get the appointment, other things being appointed for him. We go past a hundred things in life, and can only look at them as the coach passes on, and hurries us forward to find our work in the place appointed for us; and there is no truth so ennobling that we are here for a place, and the place wants us, and as respects this place 'His ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts.'

Another place, on other shores and different climates, is being prepared for him.

Different elements, very different forces, mingle themselves in our life. As we are pushing our early way through the crowd of hindrances which beset us, and extricating ourselves out of our early rough surroundings into calmness and comfort, one passion is kindling its gentle, pure, and warm fires. Accidents bring young men together, and accidents are special providences; a casual introduction brings us into a family where we meet with that human soul for which we were made, to be united in the bond of marriage. The young practising surgeon meets with a young man, William Taylor, in business with his father, and the surgeon is introduced into a quiet, homely family residing on the Stirling Road. The father, Mr. Henry Taylor, came from Slamannan, and had succeeded in establishing a thriving business in corn, in the commercial

metropolis. He had amassed a moderate fortune, risen to be a Bailie of the city, and latterly retired into a villa on the Gareloch, where he died not long ago in a venerable age. Mr. Taylor's house was a home of simplicity, frugality, cheerfulness. Commercial activity, good sense, a fine perception of humour, and the fragrance of the old Scottish piety, pervaded this home; a home of simple pleasures and pious views of life, where a good word may be heard for everybody, where a large sympathy with goodness wherever visible was felt, where quiet and nameless acts of kindness were done; uneventful for the outer world, but full of those unremembered rounds of duty which go to make the large sum total of human happiness and goodness which are the strength and glory of a nation.

Dr. Hugh Miller and Miss Agnes Waddell Taylor are married on the 6th June 1838, Dr. Robert Buchanan of the

Tron Church officiating at the ceremony. It is a marriage in which the singular affinities which bring hearts together are felt, and which gives human souls a supreme rest in each other, who are to each other as the star of their birth, made for each other, the awakening of which affinities changes the whole aspect of the world for us, which looks more beautiful and more serious, and gives to life a sacrament of love. On the evening of the first introduction their eyes caught each other, and they felt that this is more than a casual meeting. This union lasted for forty-one years, and during all those years she was a true help-meet for him; living in the happiest responses of affection and aspiration, sharing the weight of all those trials and perplexities from which no men have immunity, taking sweet counsel about all the duties which must be performed by all true souls. As a friend writes to me, who knew them intimately, the Doctor's sympathies were

ever guided and helped by his excellent wife. A true guidance he found in her, with her womanly instincts, sweet pieties, and spiritual perceptions; a woman's mission truly fulfilled to keep a man true and firm to the poles of things, in the hurries and frets of business. Many plans of kindness and efforts of good to their fellows were done by this married couple in these years, of which there will be no chronicle here, and Mrs. Miller was sometimes the prompting spirit of these plans and efforts, sometimes the zealous co-worker, always ready to encourage her husband in his discouragements, and to support him in those difficulties which often accompany plans and efforts for good. She still lives, and lives in dear old memories, of her short home in Glasgow, her long home in Bombay, and her present home for the last fifteen years on the Gareloch, having parted with the companion of forty years for a brief while, for nobler meetings else-

where.[1] She lives, in the evening of a well-spent life, in communion with the departed past, in gentle thoughts ranging the world of spirits and lingering before the gates of the city, in a cheerfulness which makes every one happy, and which sheds brightness all around. She lives, in her well-earned retirement, in the pleasing thoughts of all with whom she came in contact, who can never fail to remember her amiability, and goodness of heart, and desire to do good.

One child was born of this union, which died in infancy, a flower of the marriage, to show a short bloom, to be taken away for gardens far away; a creature not for this rough world, but for the purities of spiritual worlds. The death of a first-born is a sorrow which we cannot gauge; only He who has made us, and who knows the mystery of our being, can comfort the heart of such bereaved parents. It is a

[1] Mrs. Miller died while these pages were going through the press.

something torn out of life which cannot be replaced, an affection, a joy, a light put out. The child over which the parents have sorrowed becomes a sanctifying memory in death, which time has no power to efface, which settles down in deep parts of our soul, which will hover around us till the mystery of life is completed. A disappointment in business at one time, a family sorrow at another,—and these events ripen character, and help us to understand God's will, and give us that chastened bearing so needful in this world.

There are few families who have not little ones in the family above, and death unites and not severs the shores of time and eternity and the seen and unseen families. Our memories of love go upward, and the unknown country becomes familiar that we have kindred there.

We have seen that Dr. Miller is doing a healing work of both kinds. Dr. Buchanan tells us that he joined his church in

1835, and that he has taught with great kindness and assiduity one of his parish Sabbath schools. He was married in 1838. He is disappointed in not getting the surgeoncy of the hospital in 1840. His child dies the same year. These events are helps to our growth in grace, and the strengthening of character, and movements towards higher things. Both sweet and bitter things go to develop character. We see from the letter below that he is looking to the Invisible, and taking his reckonings on the sea of time from the fixed lights of another world :—

'GLASGOW, *9th January* 1840.

'I am sorry to inform you of the death of my little son, aged nine months nearly. He was only ill a few days, and we found his loss very severe. He died on Tuesday morning from affection of the brain produced by teething. Our happiness in this world is limited, yet our enjoyments are numerous, and we have much reason to be thankful we are so mercifully dealt with. You, who are now a father, will have some idea how fond one is of their offspring, but be not too much set on her; for I had as promising a son as any one, and he is now gone and left us as when we first

began the married life. I hope your daughter will be spared as a comfort to you, and a blessing to the world; but, at the same time, such events as this remind us of the uncertainty of time and the reality of eternity.—Yours very truly, 'H. MILLER.

'JOHN STURROCK, Esq., Kilmarnock.'

The northern portion of Hanover Street, in Glasgow, goes up an eminence from George Square. The second house on the east side was the residence of Hugh Miller, where he brought his bride, which became sacred to the birth and death of their only child. The house is there just as it was, only now it is a workshop of the busy city, Gilmour & Dean's Engraving and Printing Works. Forty-four years ago it was a residence handily situated for the dispensary in West George Street. Here they lived for two years and a half, and quitted it for the shores of the Indian Ocean. Memory knows no space, and they must have often travelled back in swift glances to this scene of bridal lights and shadows.

CHAPTER IV.

1841–1843.

DEPARTURE FOR BOMBAY—BOMBAY—RAMPART ROW.

By far the greater part of the suffering and crime which exist at this moment in civilised Europe, arises simply from people not understanding this truism—not knowing that produce or wealth is eternally connected by the laws of heaven and earth with resolute labour; but hoping in some way to cheat or abrogate this everlasting law of life, and to feed where they have not farmed, and be warm where they have not woven.—RUSKIN.

WE know not the way we must go; a higher hand is over all our life, managing for us; a higher plan than our own, and higher thoughts we have to execute. God is the architect of our lives, we are the contractors, and we must be ever studying the specifications and carrying out the contract according to these divine ideas. A pillar of cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night, through a pathless waste, on which are no engineered paths, leads us. Each comer into the world has to make his own road, and no existing road is available without losing his own speciality. We go we know not how or whither, only after we are so far on, we see how wisely things have been

ordered for us, how accurate has been the guidance, how divine the plans. He is wise who goes where providence points, enters into openings, gives up his own likings, and takes the manifest divine ideas.

We have seen that Alexander Miller has left Glasgow and is settled in practice in Bombay. He was never strong, and, as far as I am able to ascertain, he seeks a warmer and more genial climate, where are no north winds, and no east winds, and where he would not be tossed to and fro all his days for health; and such pilgrimages for health are appointed to some of us as one of the conditions of existence. Hugh took his brother's business in Glasgow; and Hugh and Alexander, the brothers next to each other, and the youngest, are destined to be still together far from Glasgow. Alexander is in partnership with a Dr. Mackie, a Scotchman also, from Peterhead, whose friends I have there met. This

partnership is dissolved, and Hugh goes out to be associated with his brother.

He is in good business in Glasgow, has received recognition and promotion. He is married, and over his home is the shadow of a recent sorrow. Their child had died early in 1840. In the autumn of that year the bereaved couple leave for Bombay. The luxury of a Peninsular and Oriental Company's packet steamer was not then in existence. The Suez route was not there; a four or five months' voyage round the Cape was the only course known, both for passengers and letters. On the 2d April 1841 they reach Bombay. I shall now give his first impressions of this Eastern city in his own words, which was the scene of his professional activity for exactly twenty years, the ground on which he made his money, and where his spiritual life attained unto manhood, and where his mature usefulness was given, from which he radiated

into other fields, pecuniary, professional, philanthropic, missionary, and to which in his death he sends the largest instalment of his wealth to vivify the exhausted civilisations of the country with the waters of life, returning to it spiritually what he got materially from it. To his valued friend and unfailing correspondent at Kilmarnock he writes :—

'BOMBAY, *1st May* 1841.

'MY DEAR STURROCK,—. . . We arrived in Bombay on the 2d April, having spent five months on sea, and I can assure you we were tired enough of it. We never saw land after we lost sight of Ireland till we saw the shores of India. The vessels we met were like "Grannie's teeth," few and far between. We had occasionally a shark to catch, kill, and dissect. Beyond these amusements, I was obliged to fish for others among my books, as the Captain was a person who knew nothing but how to trim the sails and work a lunar, and by and by to drink brandy and water.

'Mrs. M. suffered very much the first three weeks; but after that she got well, and by the blessing of God we both arrived here in health, and found our brother in better health than he has enjoyed for many years. This is a strange place; I am not yet long enough here to give you a proper description of it. The

houses are mere roofs standing on pillars; besides these there are a great many canvas houses which are only used during the dry season. The native population are of various castes, and easily known by their dress. The Parsee is the richest and highest caste, the Hindu is of many castes; I cannot pretend to know them all. The inferior class are the Coolies, Hamauls, and Beesties: these go almost naked. I shall instruct you further on this subject some other time.

'My brother left me two days ago for Poonah, a distance of about 130 miles. He goes there to avoid the rains, which I understand are very heavy here, and will commence to fall in about ten or twelve days. At present we have it very hot, the thermometer is scarcely ever under 90 night or day, and sometimes above 100. We have a good breeze occasionally which helps us, otherwise we should be half roasted. I am very busy with my brother's patients. It generally takes me from half-past nine A.M. till five P.M. to go round the island, which I have every day to do; and I employ three and sometimes four horses, one at a time, in a light shigram. The roads are excellent, and we have no tolls; but the sun is so strong that the horses are soon done up. I bought a very small horse the other day, which I daresay your father would not think worth more than £10 at home, for which I had to pay £35. The Arab horse is small—14 hands—very quiet and swift, but not able to draw a heavy carriage. We have no mares. The feeding in Bombay is very high; it costs us more to keep four

horses than all our other expenses, and these are very barely able to do our work now; and I have no doubt after my brother's return, if we are both well, we shall have more to do. You will very naturally ask if the pay is good. How would you like to pay £40 for youngsters as they come home? My brother received that fee a few days ago; and I was with a lady a week ago, who used always to pay Dr. Mackie, my brother's late partner, that sum. She cannot well do less to me, but we do not make any bills.

'I have a great number of letters to write, and I know you will excuse my hasty chit. Present my kind regards at Struthers'; Mrs. Miller unites with me in best wishes for yourself and Mrs. Sturrock.—And I am, yours most sincerely, 'H. MILLER.'

Very similar to this are the first impressions of Dr. Wilson, the renowned missionary of Bombay, whose lifelong friend Hugh Miller afterwards became. Writing to his family at Lauder, Wilson says:—

'Everything in the appearance of Bombay and the character of the people differs from what is seen at home. Figure to yourselves a clear sky, a burning sun, a parched soil, gigantic shrubs, numerous palm trees, a populous city with inhabitants belonging to every country under heaven, crowded and dirty streets, thousands of Hindoos, Mahomedans, Parsees,

Buddhists, Jews, and Portuguese; perpetual marriage processions, barbarous music, etc., and you will have some idea of what I observe at present.'[1]

The situation of Bombay seems nature's selection for a great city. When India falls under the British rule to rise in the scale of nations, and her ancient civilisation, and Aryan and other races, and 80,000,000 of people awake to a new activity, Bombay becomes an emporium of commerce and a focus of nationalities, like unto the greatest that have appeared in history, like unto Tyre of old, and later Alexandria. Bombay is situated just where the commerce of the Mediterranean, and of Eastern Africa, and Arabia, and Persia, and Northern India would converge. Nature has also constructed for her a harbour of her own mountains, in which a navy could ride in comparative safety in a gale, and with this harbour we shall see that Hugh Miller

[1] *Memoirs*, by Dr. George Smith, p. 54.

is professionally and spiritually connected for twenty years.

When Dr. Miller arrived in 1841, Bombay was fairly in that career of prosperity to which it was doomed from its situation. It was one of the great cities of the East, and beginning to be greater. The city was a purely British creation, unlike Calcutta, which had an indigenous origin and growth. It was not an Indian city; it was partly Asiatic and partly European, where the nationalities of two continents had met for commercial exchanges. 'I leave Bombay,' said Mr. Grant Duff in 1875, 'with a much stronger impression than I had of its great Asiatic as distinguished from its merely Indian importance. It is and will be more and more to all this part of the world what Ephesus or Alexandria was to the eastern basin of the Mediterranean in the days of the Roman empire.'

Bombay is an island composed of

what originally must have been a group of low trappean islets, with intervening flat spaces, which were to a large extent covered with water at high tide, and became malarious marshes. By means of embankments the tides have been kept off, and it has become one island three miles broad by eight long. Its area is eighteen square miles. The arm of the sea which runs between it and the mainland is dotted with mountain islands, and makes a protected bay offering fifty square miles of safe anchoring-ground to ships of every tonnage. Nature had thus marked it out for a commercial city. Where the straits narrow and the shores of the island and the mainland approach, the scenery is the perfection of beauty and is much admired, as something which has not its superior.

Charles II. received it as a marriage dowry from the Portuguese on the occasion of his marriage with the Infanta

Catharine. This was in 1661. In 1668 the island was transferred to the company of traders known as the East India Company, who had their factory and seat at Surat. It was transferred 'in free and common soccage, as of the manor of East Greenwich, in payment of the annual rent of £10 in gold on the 30th September in each year.' The population at this time was 5000. Its importance at this early date was not perceived. As a royal dowry it was regarded as a shabby and worthless gift. It was unhealthy; it was believed that there were forty thousand acres submerged at every tide. An appalling catalogue of diseases to which Europeans were subject is among the preserved records. In six months from October 1675, a hundred soldiers had died. The fatal disease was named colic by the Portuguese physicians, or the Chinese death. This is no other than what we now know as the Asiatic cholera,

though the name colic included also the milder forms of it. It is worth knowing how cholera was treated 200 years ago, and to what kind of therapeutics Dr. Miller succeeded. It is the one disease, more or less epidemic all the year round, which concentrates the anxieties of the physician, the course of which is run from seven to twenty-four hours, which is amenable to no specific treatment, which is governed by an awful uncertainty, and it is impossible to tell what the issue will be among the small average of recoveries. The old treatment looks barbarous, magical, desperate, without science or humanity in it, but it is really only another form of the latest treatment which the latest science has given to it. A hot iron was applied to the heel, and later an iron ring was heated and placed on the stomach, with the navel for its centre. As soon as the iron was felt, which was of course immediate, it was removed. This application

was in a rough and ready way the same as the counter irritants of mustard poultices, and turpentine and hot-water fomentations, which are now the remedies on which the physician largely leans in the earlier stages of the disease. Intemperance and vast swamps—man and nature—both contributed to this unhealthiness.

Bombay was, however, held notwithstanding its bill of mortality, though its commercial facilities became only slowly and gradually visible. It made a port, and a capacious harbour, and if it was an archipelago, so much the better, as the English were at home on the sea, and would be at an advantage in every attempt at invasion, in those days when might was right. The main islets which made Bombay were converted into forts, and mounted with guns. The Company to which Bombay was transferred is the most extraordinary body of traders the world has seen, to which was given a future which it did not

want, and forcibly repudiated all along. It was purely a merchant Company, and grew into an imperial power, which had an army of 186,000 men in the year before the mutiny, which annexed province to province, and founded a kingdom as large as the whole continent of Europe. Their original aim was solely commerce. The Company solemnly disavowed all territorial possessions, and maintained a small body of men in arms purely for self-defence. When the Crown transferred the island, there were 285 soldiers on it, of whom about a hundred only were English; and for many years this was the average strength of the garrison, though the Company always wished to reduce it, in order to reduce its expenditure, and have a larger margin of profits. The garrison was entirely subordinated to trade, and it is a curious fate which awaited this merchant Company, that it should soon have been transformed into one of the great military

powers of the world. Here are their honest professions when the Governor asked permission to dislodge some troublesome neighbours which had taken possession of some islands at the mouth of the harbour: 'Although we have formerly wrote you that we will have no war for Hendry Kendry [the islands in question], yet all war is so contrary to our constitution, as well as our interest, that we cannot too often inculcate on you our aversion thereunto.'[1]

The population of 5000, with which Bombay began its doubtful existence, had grown to 300,000 in 1841. In 1849 it had grown to 500,000. The whole revenue of the island at the beginning was £6490. In 1856 it was £350,000. The exports in 1848 were worth four millions; the imports six millions. And since, the cotton trade has made colossal strides.

A motley population is gathered into the

[1] Anderson's *English in Western India*, p. 175.

island, traders from all parts of the world, all the nationalities of Europe, Asia, and even Africa. Plenty of money was going, and an active professional man could not fail to reap a good harvest. There were Hindoos and Mahometans from all parts of India; Persians, Arabs, Armenians, English, Portuguese, native Roman Catholics, Greeks, Jews and Parsis, and Chinese. Among the foreigners the Armenians had the higher genius of commerce. The Parsis were the most advanced and interesting of the native population, native only so far that they had been settled in India for some centuries. They were Persians, had fled before Mahometan proselytism, to preserve the primitive Aryan worship of Light as the symbol of God. They are the lineal descendants, and the only existing representatives of the religion of the hordes who fought under Darius and his son Xerxes, and who would have overflowed Europe, and made

Europe Asiatic, but for Thermopylæ and Marathon. The Parsis have the commercial faculty highly developed, and were the energetic leaders of the commerce of Bombay. As adopted foreigners, and using one of the native languages as their vernacular, they were the best mediators and brokers between Europeans and Asiatics. They took on quickly English manners, and copied English habits, and learned the English language, and took advantage of English college education. One of their number was the first native who received a commission in the army as a medical man. They had grown into millionaires, and were as foremost in benevolence as in wealth, and it was on one of their number that the first baronetcy was conferred, an honour won by him for the institutions which he had munificently founded. We shall see that Dr. Miller had a large practice amongst this enterprising class of the Bombay population.

The forts, which had been erected on the eminences of the islets which had become the island of Bombay, had their citadel. This citadel was by pre-eminence called the Fort. The walls of this citadel were surrounded with a deep ditch, and it was entered by gates with drawbridges. Within these walls were built the Government offices, and mercantile counting-houses and warehouses, and the town residences of the higher classes. And this was a central residence for medical practitioners, for a portion of the city now lay to the south, and another portion to the north. Colaba, a narrow strip of land, capable only of one road with a single row of houses on each side, was on the south side, and has a human population, though the Company in its early days used it only to keep its antelopes 'and other beasts of delight.' The native city and other European suburbs lay on the north.

The coveted and chosen place of residence in this fort was the street of houses which overlooked the west walls or ramparts and commanded the sea, and got every sea-breeze that was going. The line of houses was called Rampart Row; and Rampart Row will long be remembered by many of us amid the recollections of the past, receding in the far distance now, but ever present where memory holds her vigils, the dim past brightened with associations where Hugh Miller and his bright wife lived. Here many a European, sick and in health, found a home and a welcome, or a night's rest and an evening cup of tea. Here missionary and benevolent hearts met and consulted together and planned schemes of good. Here the young and the unprotected and friendless children found not only counsel but a home.

It was here that I first met Hugh Miller, I a boy and he in the early prime of life. He had just returned from a com-

bined holiday and professional tour, where he had seen my father. My father had told him of a son who wished to study, and the Doctor said, 'I know a Scotch professor in one of our colleges who would like a pupil, and would prepare him for a University at home or anything else—a learned, trustworthy, pious man, just the sort of man for your son. I will see after your boy.' He sent for me. I told him my vague wishes and raw schemes, which he cut short as became a shrewd man, and said, 'Professor Henderson will put you on the right track.' I became a pupil of this Aberdeen graduate, a man of varied learning and culture, an enthusiast in academic communication, a sort of genius withal, with a strong Aberdeen accent, who has done nothing for which to be remembered by the world, but to whom was given to inspire many a young man with the thirst of knowledge. A pupil of Henderson's and a friend of Hugh Miller,

and these were the two privileges on which much afterwards turned in my life. And this personal reminiscence is here introduced as an illustration of what Hugh Miller was ever doing, taking every opportunity to do good, to help the young, and ever prompted in these philanthropies by the genial, sweet, constant impulse of his wife.

CHAPTER V.

1843–1852.

SPIRITUAL LIFE—JOURNAL OF 1844 AND OF 1852.

That the sense of difference between right and wrong had filled all time and all space for man, and bodied itself forth into a heaven and hell for him; this constitutes the grand feature of those Puritan old Christian ages; this is the element which stamps them as heroic, and has rendered their works great, manlike, fruitful to all generations. It is by far the memorablest achievement of our species; without that element in some form or another, nothing of heroic had ever been among us.—CARLYLE.

WORK, business, professional and other activity, are begun in earnest in this appointed sphere, in that wonderful island in the tropics, now one of the greatest cities in the world. He was not more than a year out when his brother had to make another pilgrimage in search of health, and the whole business was on his shoulders. But what was disheartening still more, his wife's health failed after they were eighteen months out, and she had to go home. He writes, 1st May 1843, 'As to myself, you have heard perhaps that my brother went home sick last year. My poor wife, whose health never took to this hot climate, followed him in November last.' He remains at his post, and business is pros-

perous and he is hopful, but not trusting to outward prosperity, doing his duty amid many difficulties, and looking upwards. He writes to his Kilmarnock correspondent :—

'BOMBAY, *1st February* 1845.

. . . 'My brother returned here two months ago, and is looking much better than I have ever seen him. I hope he may continue well. We have excellent prospects here at present if we can hold on for a few years; but the sickness and changing of residences both interfere with the work and carry the savings off so fast that we can keep nothing of it. But what matters it, whether we have only enough or a great deal more than our wants require? it will all perish in the using—at least mine will. . . . My creed is to do good with it in my own way.'

This is the Disruption period, and it is only necessary to say that he took his side with the Free Church. The waves of thought reached that distant shore, which was not so sympathetic with Europe as it now necessarily is, with weekly mails and three weeks' voyages. Enough of sympathy, however, was there, for the ecclesi-

astical battles at home were fought over again in India, and Scotchmen ranged themselves on one side or the other, according to tendencies and sympathies. The chaplains, worthy men, remained in the Establishment; the missionaries went out with the Free Church. The Scotch congregation thus split into two on the Indian Ocean; the missionaries ministering to the new congregation. Dr. Wilson was then travelling in Palestine, on his way home. But Mr. Nesbit and Mr. Murray Mitchell were there,—the former long gone to his rest, the latter still spared, and still, with almost youthful enthusiasm, ranging over India, with his indomitable wife, not in any missionary employment, but in pure love, fixed to no locality, kindling the missionary spirit and doing the work. Under the preaching of Mr. Nesbit and Mr. Murray Mitchell, Dr. Miller now sits. He writes to his Kilmarnock friend:—

. . . . 'So Mason and you are split again on Free Church matters. If I had you in Bombay (where, by the bye, I should be most happy to see you and give you a hearty welcome), I think I should make you a Free Churchman in one week. You remain in the hope that she may be improved without being destroyed. I am sorry to think that she has destroyed herself voluntarily in 1843, by the reply she then made to the Queen's letter, and by other acts and deeds done at that Assembly. To my mind and in my own thinking, she is not nor can pretend to be the Church of Scotland any longer.'

We have had all along glimpses into the interior life of Hugh Miller through the outer casing of all those shifts, movements, and efforts which are appointed to every soul. We see him looking into the heart of things; piercing through the superficial crustations, inclining always towards the substantial. We shall now see more especially into this interior chamber and sanctuary as it is made visible in a Diary.

I have come nowhere on any marked crisis which in the evangelical phraseology

is called conversion. Any such crisis, like crossing the line, probably does not exist. He has joined Dr. Robert Buchanan's church; has been a devoted Sabbath school teacher; has seen something of the world; has been surgeon to the poor; has married a wife who brings goodness as the best portion of her dowry; has passed through the valley of the shadow of death with his only child; carries in his own veins a religious blood which to this day appears in a wide circle of cousins; has learnt that man is dependent upon God, and earth an empty thing when it has no horizon melting away into the eternal. As the reverences of youth pass into an untainted manhood, the look of the eye changes, and duty fastens itself upon us, and finer wants are awakened which were once the faint visions of childhood. The Spirit of God is now near us, and working in us. Gradually and imperceptibly, but surely, he has passed into the spiritual

life, and this process of sublimation makes always the more solid and sure piety. A convulsion, overturning a man's nature, has its own place, but as a rule the kingdom of God cometh not with observation. There is nothing observable to the man himself, or to men beside him, till life and conduct become observable, and then noticeable it undoubtedly is. Here, at any rate, there is no whirlwind of repentance, no burning of remorse, no anguish seeking guidance on stormy seas, no whip of the law, as our old masters would have it. The heavenly melodies are always there, and the discords of the world only brought out the harmony. Work toned them, and marriage tuned them, and a great sorrow worked them farther in, and experiences did their educating part. And the summary of them is a religious soul and a spiritual life—a genial, sunny, placid nature, introverted upon itself in inspections which reveal the discontent of an aspiring heart,

not satisfied with its poor self. Evangelical religion always produces longings after a higher and finer condition, and hence it casts our spirits into noble moulds.

This chapter will reveal to us this interior life in Hugh Miller's own words as far as possible, in the Diaries which have come to hand. They begin with six entries in 1843, two in 1844, then stop and are resumed in 1852 :—

'*2d April* 1844.—It is just three years to-day since I arrived in Bombay. I had that morning, when first I saw land, some very dark forebodings of how I should like India, how I should like my brother, what success I would have in business, etc. All these soon passed away, and I have been carried along by the good providence of God till now in good health, and having obtained amidst many trials much comfort and many good things. Business has been abundant and health uninterrupted; but I have great need to be watchful, for many are gone who then were as strong and as healthy as I was. This last month has been the most fatal to Europeans of any since I came to India. Dr. J. E. Malcolmson, John Skinner, Mr. Patch, Mr. J. Maxwell, Mrs. Col. Griffiths, Mrs. Cumins, and many others have been

cut down, the greater number by cholera. The European inhabitants of Bombay seem to be filled with fear. Oh, may the Spirit come and breathe on the dry bones that they may live!

'Have had very comforting letters from my dear wife lately. Her health restored, and her spirit trusting in the Lord. Her letters full of love to the Saviour. Has not yet said when she will rejoin me, but expect her in November or December. Brother Alexander also, still at home, has suffered very much, but is now nearly well, and we will, if God spares us, meet again this year.'

A blank of eight years occurs not unaccountably in the Diary, which, however, is continuous for two years, with varied reflections, criticisms, aspirations, and jottings of other interests.

'1*st April* 1852.—This has been a trying day to me! My dear wife has left me for a time to visit her father and brothers; but who can tell if we shall ever meet again? . . . . Dear Agnes was very much cast down at the prospect of a separation, although her own health really required the change. The necessary preparations were not great, as she went by the P. & O. Company's steamer, where every comfort is supplied. The *Achilles* started at half-past four P.M., and at five I took a final farewell, and returned in the pilot boat. She bore the final leave-taking better

than I did. We committed each other to the care of our Heavenly Father, whom we trust; and I pray that He may give the winds and the waves charge of her, that she may be carried in safety to the land of our fathers. . . . As for me, I feel her departure more than I can express. May this and all other trials be blessed to my good.

'*2d April* 1852.—It is eleven years to-day since my arrival in India. How short it is to look back on the time, and yet how much that is important has since been done or undone! How awful to think of the misspent time, neglected opportunities to do good, and the sins of omission and commission, and the secret sins of the heart! Forgive, O God, I pray Thee, all my sins, and give me a right sense of the magnitude and the evil of them, and enable me to dedicate myself anew unto Thee, and to serve Thee more faithfully for the future. Oh make me to know myself, and to set a watch over every outlet to sin, that I may live a life of faith in Christ Jesus my Lord.

'I am now nearly forty years of age, and eleven years in India. I have scarcely any money at command; indeed, beyond what is sunk in coffee planting in Ceylon, I have nothing; but I am thankful to think that my health, which a year ago was but indifferent, is much improved, and that my business is still very good, giving me more than present wants require, so that if spared a few years I may yet be enabled to go home.'

He who left near £100,000 speaks of having nothing, but is thankful, pursues his way, does his work, leaves all things in God's hand, keeps his eye upward, as the following entries indicate :—

'*4th April.*—The Lord's day. Felt dull and lonely this morning, and missed my dear partner both in social and public prayer. The duties of my profession I have always felt oppressive on Sabbaths, and yet how often have I forgotten it to be my duty to avoid as much work as possible on that day!

'Heard Mr. —— preach to-day, in the morning from two texts, Matt. xxviii. 19 and 1 Cor. xi. 23, on the sacraments of the church—a sermon of considerable talent, but not practical, and therefore not what is wanted. Evening discourse, Eph. v. 8—a long sermon, but I fear little to my profit. O God, enable me more to feel the influence of preaching, and give Thy Holy Spirit that He may teach me savingly; and, O God, impart unto Thy servant our pastor a special fitness for the various parts of his work, that Thy church may be built up here. May all the sins of this day, whether in thought or word, be forgiven me; and oh, remember in her solitude my beloved partner this night. May she sleep in peace and safety, relying on Thy gracious care and goodness.'

'*9th April.*—Have this day begun my 41st year. How great and manifold hath been Thy goodness to me,

O God! I lament over my many shortcomings, and my many aggravated sins against Thee. Even this day, I have reason to fear, I have fallen far from duty. Oh, my God, enable me to devote and dedicate myself anew to Thee this night. "Though Thou slay me, yet shall I trust in Thee." O God, grant me more of Thy grace, and may Thy Spirit dwell in me, and purify me day by day, that I may be able to withstand every temptation; and specially free me, O God, from the temptations of my own sinful heart, and while I am so much left to myself, may I be strong in faith and in every holy resolution. O God, extend to her also Thy grace, that she may be enabled to bear all Thy pleasure.

'Spent a very pleasant evening with Dr. and Mrs. Wilson last night, having gone there to meet the committee of the mission respecting funds and the building of the New Institution. Present, Captain Mylne in the chair, Rev. Dr. Wilson, Rev. R. Nesbit.' . . .

'11*th April.*—This has been a very quiet day. I have been privileged to spend the greater part of it in religious exercises. Grant, O Lord, that I may be thereby strengthened for the duties of the week.

'Heard Mr. —— twice. . . . The sermon this evening was, "Now are ye light." Oh that all who heard it, and who bear the Christian name, may be able to show by their life and conduct the fruits of the change. Lord, it is not in man to direct his steps. Grant me Thy Spirit that He may teach me

continually. I have still very great cause to lament over a heart wandering after the world and sinful thoughts. O God, pardon what Thy pure eye has seen amiss in me this day, and enable me to trust in Thee. Lord, I commit all I hold dear in this world to Thee this night. Watch over her by sea and land, and comfort her, O Holy Spirit, by Thy continual presence.

'Read several chapters of Cumming on the Parables with much comfort.'

'18*th April*.—Sabbath Evening. . . . I regret to record that my mind has wandered much after worldly matters. Read nearly a chapter of Dr. Cumming on the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus. I cannot agree with all there stated. The text, to my mind, does not bear out the interpretation. . . .

'My dear wife will, I trust, have reached Cairo by to-day. May she be enjoying the light of Thy reconciled countenance, O Lord; and may we, though far apart, use this Thy holy day, by uniting together in supplicating Thy best blessing for each other. Keep us through this night in peace, and may we ever give all praise unto the Lord for His great mercies.'

'19*th*.—I was very agreeably surprised to-day on receiving a letter from my wife from Aden, to which place she had reached in health and safety. Was very much affected by her kind letter, full of affection

and tenderness, and full of faith. May we both be strengthened for this trial of our faith and patience.'

'23*d April.*—The Rev. Dr. Wilson having had a smart attack of fever last week, came on with Mrs. Wilson, to be with me for a little change.'

'24*th April.*—To-day Mr. Nesbit came to see him and Mr. Gilmour, and dined with us.'

'26*th April.*—Dr. Wilson was able to take the prayer in the evening at worship, and was very sweet and delightful. What a delightful gift, to be able to pour out the heart to God in proper expressions! He was not forgetful of my dear wife.'

'2*d May.*—I have much reason to reflect upon the idle and vain thoughts of this day, and to guard against the encroachments of business. O Lord, grant me ability to do so according to Thy word.'

'6*th.*—Attended the funeral of Charlotte Fallon at six o'clock this morning. She died yesterday at mid-day of remittent fever, aged about twelve years. What a heavy blow to her parents, and what a warning to all within the circle of their friendship! O God, may this dispensation of Thy providence be sanctified to my soul. Mr. Fraser read the chapter in which David's grief for the loss of his infant child is mentioned, and made a few remarks. Mr. Hume prayed at the grave. . . .

'Reading the third volume of Chalmers' life, and how much I can sympathize with him in the declarations he has made in his journal of a want of spirituality and oneness with God. O Holy Spirit, descend into my heart, and keep me in the way toward Zion.'

'16*th May.*—I have to record the goodness of the Lord through another Sabbath day. The sacrament of our Lord's Supper was dispensed this day, and the services I felt to be very appropriate and refreshing. Mr. Fraser preached from 1 Cor. i. 18, a very good sermon. . . . Mr. Nesbit conducted the table service most delightfully. He dwelt on the love of Christ. . . . Mr. J. M. Mitchell preached in the evening, a beautiful sermon from the text, "Endure hardship like a good soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ." Truly Thy goodness has been great to Thy people this day, O Lord; may Thy word not return to Thee void, but may it perfect that which concerneth each one who has this day heard it.'

'24*th May, Monday.*—During last week I was engaged writing home by the mail of 22d, and professionally, so that I did not obtain leisure to make any remarks here. On Saturday morning I received a letter from Agnes, dated 24th April, written on board the *Euxine* near Malta. So far she had got on in good health, and would in all probability get to England nine days after. I was able to reply to that letter by the mail. Yesterday Mr. Payne

told me he had received a letter from his mother, in which it was stated that my brother Alexander had been again very ill, confined to his bed for ten days from pleurisy, but was out again seeing his patients.' [Alexander is now in practice in London.]

'25*th May.*—I have again to record the tender mercies of a covenant God during the past week. Amid trouble and death and much fatigue, I have been graciously supported. O God, fill my heart with love to Thee, because Thou hast so loved and cared for me. I feel that I am alone in the world without any to sympathize with me, but in the Lord is my help. I will trust in Him with all my heart.'

'16*th June.*— . . . I have great cause of gratitude, however, to an overruling providence for the amount of encouragement and success I have had amidst all my troubles. On looking over my books three days ago, I found that I have received fees since the 1st of January last to above Rs. 10,000 (£1000), and the greater part of it is from medical practice, as my dental work this season has been very little; indeed, I fear hardly enough to pay the actual outlay; but if the fees come in as well till the end of the year, I shall be much better off than ever I was in partnership either with Alexander or with Dr. Yuill. My personal expenses are as little as it is possible to live at.

'I have finished reading the third vol. of Chalmers'

memoirs, and have derived the greatest pleasure from the work so far; indeed, I never read any memoir with half the satisfaction I have done this. I pray to God that I may derive the benefit it is calculated to impart. Oh to be able to follow Chalmers as he followed Christ.'

'*20th June.*— . . . Yesterday evening at six, when at Byculla, was called to see Mr. W——. Found him pulseless and cold, a very bad type of cholera. He had been ailing a little in the morning, but was at his work till half-past twelve, and at four P.M., when Dr. Nicolson saw him, he had not seemed very ill. The only remedies I used were stimulants, brandy, ammonia, and chloroform, with sinapisms. Drs. Morehead and Fox saw him. He never rallied in the slightest, became insensible about eight o'clock, and died at a quarter before two A.M. to-day. Oh what a shock to his poor wife, one son nineteen months, and what a solemn warning to me and to every one! O God, grant the sanctified use of all Thy dispensations, and enable me to live in daily and hourly preparation for Thy summons, recollecting, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

'I have to record God's goodness to me in the receipt of a very affectionate letter from my beloved Agnes, who has reached Glasgow in safety, and has been most kindly received by her brother's family. Kind letters also from my brother-in-law, William Taylor, and from my mother.'

'*7th July.*—Spent last evening very pleasantly with Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, when he read a large portion of a long letter from Miss Oswald of Scotston (Mrs. Wilson's aunt, a lady eighty-five years of age, and yet full of vigour and usefulness). She had written and asked my wife to spend some days with her at Scotston, which she will no doubt accept of.'

'*12th July.*—The Rev. D. O. Allen [American missionary] is laid up with fever for some days, and only to-day suffered to come on my list for the first time since I came to India.

'Commenced the study of mineralogy under Dr. Wilson. Attended a lecture on Friday morning, which I purpose (*D. V.*) to continue, being only once a week.'

'*25th July, Sabbath Evening.*—Yesterday, after closing my wife's letter, received a long letter from her written in Kilmarnock on the 18th ultimo, in my mother's house. How I realized the scene, and pictured to myself my wife writing and my mother sitting by talking to her of India! I am very grateful for such information about my aged mother, whom I respect and love. I could wish very much to see her face once more; but if this may not be, I pray that she may be strengthened and supported in all her trials, and that her last may be her happiest and brightest moments on earth. Oh that her prayers for me may be heard and answered, and that I may be enabled to cleave to the Lord with my whole

heart, for nothing will give her greater comfort than to know this.

'I have to record great deficiencies against myself. My temper with the servants is often severely tried; but I desire to possess my soul in patience, and to maintain a quiet and calm deportment at all times.'

'29*th*, *Thursday.*—. . . On Sabbath last another youth was baptized at Ambroke [Mission House of the Free Church], Hajee, a Scindian; a very clever, intelligent lad who accompanied Drs. Wilson and Duff from Scinde two years ago. He has made some progress in English, and is a promising youth.

'On Tuesday I was called to attend Mr. W. C——, of W. and Co., who has been attacked with cholera. . . . Mr. C—— was just verging into a state of collapse when I saw him, and notwithstanding every effort he lost ground, and died about 10 P.M., aged thirty-five years. Dr. Yuill arrived; Dr. Morehead also saw him; and Mr. Fogerty, who had been sent for in the hurry to get medical aid, was also present a great part of the afternoon. Thus in eight hours has another European been cut down by cholera, which no plan of treatment yet discovered seems to alleviate or cure. Stimulants were used freely, and galvanism.'

'5*th August.*—. . . . Spent last evening very delightfully with Dr. and Mrs. Wilson.

'I have begun this month to put aside in the Savings Bank, and if I can, I mean to do so,

monthly, say, while alone, Rs. 100 (£10) a month, and if spared after Agnes returns, Rs. 200 (£20), separate from all other cash transactions, to accumulate till I require it, if I should ever be permitted to go to Scotland. If I had done this since I came to India, in April 1841, I should have had upwards of Rs. 17,000 now there at command; and so far as I see, I might easily have done this. But it is not too late to do well; but I hope I may not be tempted to calculate too much on this or any other earthly object, as no one can tell how soon I may be called away to an account of my stewardship.'

'19*th September*.—I have to record the goodness of my covenant-keeping God through another Sabbath, and to record my coldness, worldly-mindedness, even through the services of the sanctuary. O God, pardon my sins, and both incline and enable me to serve Thee in spirit and in truth. Mr. Fraser preached in the morning from 2 Sam. vi. 20—"Then David returned to bless his household," and gave a very plain sermon on the duty and importance of family worship. I am thankful to think that this duty I am supported by both the young men living with me, and Mr. K—— especially seems a Bible student. . . . What blessed privileges he has had in a pious father!

'How apt we are to trust to sermons and to a minister instead of going direct to the Word of God in prayer, and casting all our burden and care on Him! Grant me Thy grace, O my God, that I may

be made like Christ, and be enabled in humility and deep contrition of heart to serve Thee continually. I desire to have a renewed nature, to have greater love for my Saviour, and greater love for the souls of men. Oh that the truths of that chapter we have read at prayers this evening, the 13th of St. John, may be deeply impressed on my mind, and in view of the condescension of Jesus in washing the feet of the disciples, help me, O God, to be all things to all men, and specially help me to love them that love Thee.'

'*27th December.*—During these last two months I have yet cause to bless the Lord for all His goodness to me and mine. I have had regular and comfortable communications from my own Agnes, who, I trust, is full of faith and good works, growing up into the stature of a perfect one in Christ Jesus. Oh may she be enabled so to advance! I have much to fear and much to trouble me. I have much to record against myself of inconsistency in the Christian walk, and yet how gracious and kind in all His dealings with me is my heavenly Father! Oh for more grace to walk before Him!

'This is the last Sabbath of 1852. Another year has very nearly passed away, and I am hasting on to eternity. In looking back, there is nothing but imperfection and shortcoming. Let me endeavour by the aid of God's grace to press on towards the prize of the mark of the high calling, that I may not be a hearer only, but a doer of His will. If I am

spared another year, O Lord, enable me to spend it more faithfully in Thy service.'

Enough just now of these miscellaneous extracts from concise entries, which recall many old names once well known in the Bombay circle, now scattered both on earth and in heaven. The English society of India is an ever-shifting thing. India can never be a European colony, and few Europeans only will find a home in its burning climate. These extracts tell of early struggles, and the sorrow of parting with his wife for the second time in ten years. They tell of persistent work and constant longings for a higher life. We see the look is over the seas, homewards to a dear mother. There is many a prayer, the sigh of a soul that wishes to come nearer to God.

We shall return to these entries again.

CHAPTER VI.

1841–1851.

MEDICAL PRACTICE IN BOMBAY—MEDICAL DIARIES—
A SURGICAL CASE—MESMERISM.

'There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of the everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.'

THIS biography is an attempt at reproducing the life of an ordinary man, who attained more than average success, to see if we can get guidance for average men from an ordinary example. Here is no master mind, or extraordinary gifts of nature, to picture and present. Dr. Miller made his way into his profession through unpromising and depressing environments ; but he rose into wealth by the force of average ability and mediocre faculties. It is no genius whose performances are here put into print, rather he is a man as the most of men, belongs to the majority ; but he works well, makes his higher nature to navigate the lower, is accurate, painstaking, studiously attentive

to his work. Dr. Miller is no investigator, discoverer, and writer, does not belong to the inner circle of the select minorities who enrich science by original research or acute deductions or graphic descriptions. It is among the likelihoods of things that he had read papers before the Medical and Physical Society of Bombay, but no proof of this can be now fetched up. Even if he did, they were local transiences. He is a practitioner of the middle ranks, using well the gifts he has received, and the opportunities made for him. His manner of work did meet with decisive recognition. In the diseases of women and children he had a name for skill and aptitude. The whole community of Bombay, English and native, met to give him an affectionate farewell when he was about to quit its shores, made him a handsome gift of silver plate and money, and in the words of presentation emphasized his professional specialities, all which will be found

in its right place in the course of this narrative.

The gaps in the diary already given, which leaps with six entries in 1843 to two in 1844, and then collapses, and revives in 1852, have a reason, which shows itself in another class of journals. It is time for work, and the work is all novelty. He has been in practice for eight years in Glasgow, but the latitudes of Glasgow and Bombay are far apart; a new zone of climate altogether from the higher temperate to mid tropic, thermometer ranging from 80 to 120 for the greater part of the year. Country is new, men are new, work is new; conditions are changed. He has to adapt European pharmacy to tropic diseases, to the habits of a variety of races whose modes of life are very different. Diseases generated by the malarious steam of a burning sun acting on decaying matter, and depressions of the system produced by high tempera-

ture, have now to be treated in their varying forms. The adaptation of Western medicine to the East was as yet only an inception and experiment. There has not been a sufficient number of practitioners to collect facts and compare notes. There must have been, in these circumstances, a perplexity to suit means to ends, anxiety about the use of medicines and methods. There are harmless routines of medical practice, when prescriptions are as mechanically written as they are made up by the druggist, when the invincible guinea is all that is sought. This officialism is not conscientiousness in work or happiness in it.

After the religious journal was begun in 1844, it had to give way to another kind of private literature, of which there is even a measure of voluminousness. The novelty of the situation, and the anxieties of a practice which carries life and death in its hand, required the study of his cases,

and this study was done by a detailed delineation of the difficult cases, — the symptoms, prescriptions and changes of prescriptions, diet, the fluctuations of the disease. We have many manuscripts of large size, ten inches by seven, medical journals from 1844 to 1852, of this professional sort, containing these records. This careful habit had begun in Glasgow; for several similar manuscripts of that period are extant, burdened with diagnoses and hygienics and pathologies. This habit had been resumed in Bombay in the altered situation. It was his habit of taking notes of every serious disease he was called upon to treat, and every surgical operation which told a tale of science; the action of the remedies, the eddyings of the troubled function, the rufflings of the disordered organ, relapses and rallyings, the convalescences and the immortalities. It appears to me conclusive that the time devoted to these memoranda,

and the thinking needed for them, absorbed all the spare time of the practitioner, which stopped religious writing, and which later on he gave to spiritual reflections, when he had obtained some mastery and confidence, which produced the diary of 1852, already given, and of 1853, to be given.

This is eminently as it should be. Our daily work is essentially a spiritual task we have with all allegiance to perform. The distinction between the secular and the sacred, based on mistaken conceptions of the badness of the world, is intrinsically a falsity. If the six days of the week are not sacred, there is no sacredness in the seventh; the repose of the seventh is only the inner effluence and exhalation of the six days' labour and toil. If the fifteen working hours of the day are not the outcome of religion, there is no religion in the sixteenth, which we may formally devote to private and family prayer. We are messengers of God here, and our daily

life is the expression of this message, where we turn out bits of true work, the soul and essence of which is an ethereal substance for other worlds. The work by which our livelihood is got, and in which our ambitions may find room for movement, is a divine business for which we are here. The sin of human nature, and the sources of poverty and of secret societies struggling for political changes with criminal weapons, vague discontents with our lot, and unquiet longings for some millennial socialism, are the indolence, and the self-indulgence, and unthinking irreverence by which we refuse to take up our toils and be constant in them. We will not see that in the lowliest toil there is a divine meaning, and when we have done it well it ripens a seed not visible to the eye, but which is a thing for eternity. To eat our bread as the ox eats grass by simply being turned on it, to get our cakes without paying for them, and we make both bread and cakes of no

more value than the grass is to the ox. To get them with the sweat of our brow, and we have paid for them in coin which belongs to the exchanges of eternity.

The quality of work which is accepted by the laws of the universe is carefulness and a measure of painfulness. To have it just done, enough only to satisfy the legal and the visible requirements, is to give no value to it. We must give it a finish, which quality is given to it by the love of our work, and the seeing in it a meaning beyond the boundaries of time, high issues not apparent at first, but which are to be seen by faith, by the sight of the invisible and inner nature of our work. A sense of duty will give to our work the element of carefulness; but duty must ultimately, and in the last resort, be sustained and get colour from the love of our work, and gradually unto all earnest souls this superlative of attainment is reached, that duty and love mingle their

strength and beauty, and make work an authentic glad tidings unto us. To find happiness in our work, to get our joys from daily duties, to have our interest in life quickened by a deeper acquaintance with our work,—this is a millennium of the soul, and the latter days are already there, never to be got elsewhere, especially not to be had in prophetic studies. When we see this millennium lived out in a human life, it is worth while making a literature of it, and more particularly if it is found in an ordinary man, with no exalted gifts of nature or glow of genius, belonging to the unmemoired multitude, where the light is so human that humanity is likely to be guided by it.

Medicine, or the administration of drugs, has been in use among all nations. By instinct it was early perceived that nature in her organic and inorganic substances has the materials for curing human diseases. The progress of medicine as a

science has been slow, and in Eastern nations, like India, it is stationary, and at the stage in which herbalism was a century or two ago amongst us. Herbalists still linger amongst us, and vend their wares; but they are the fossils of another age. Modern medicine is to herbalism just what chemistry is to alchemy; the one has grown out of the other; a scientific development out of the insufficient observations and happier guesses of the other. Still to this day the function of drugs is at best little understood; a medical man undertakes a grave responsibility in the use of them in all serious cases and in original adaptations, and he requires all the thought he possesses to make a right use of the metals and plants at his service. The chemistry of disease is obscure, and the chemical action of drugs is still more obscure. When to give drugs, when to trust to nature and diet, looks simple enough, but to a conscientious man it must often be

a tax and a strain on his mind, and it requires a common sense almost akin to genius. 'I feel,' says a physician, 'as if I had a giant by the throat, and must fight him for very life.' Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh advised a friend going to London, 'Do not employ too young a doctor; he will kill you,' meaning by giving too much medicine; 'and do not employ too old a one, for he will merely let you die,' by not using medicine at all. Dr. Fothergill, one of the most eminent physicians of his day, and a graduate of Edinburgh, said: 'I endeavour to follow my business, because it is my duty rather than my interest; the last is inseparable from a just discharge of duty, but I have ever wished to look at the profits in the last place, and this wish has attended me ever since my beginning. . . . With a great degree of gratitude I look back to the gracious secret Preserver that kept my mind more

attentive to the discharge of my present anxious care for those I visited than either to the profits or the credit resulting from it.' In this spirit alone can the medical man relieve his mind of care, and do his work.

Among the learned classes of India there is a science of medicine; but it is no more than an empirical herbalism, safely working in familiar grooves, but often dangerous enough for the patient. But surgery, or the use of the knife for the removal of limbs or tumours or bad joints, is unknown to Hindu science. Indeed, surgery amongst us is a modern business. It is true that the control of hæmorrhage by ligature was discovered in 1550 by a French surgeon, and it was the first step on the road which has brought us where we are in surgery,—one of those landmarks for the human race which we must keep visible always. Still operations were neither common nor successful, be-

cause of the inevitable agony of them, and with the tortured nervous system the chances of recovery are few. For three hundred years the art had not made any valuable advance. It was the discovery of ether in 1846, the inhalation of which produced a sleep insensible to pain, that makes the second great landmark, and brings us to our own day. Great surgeons are found in this period. Ether was displaced by chloroform, only to be replaced again as a safer anæsthetic, a finer form of it being got by a new process. Macaulay, in his parallel of the England of the Stuarts with the England of Victoria, says: 'Every bricklayer who falls from a scaffold, every sweeper of a crossing who is run over by a carriage, may now have his wounds dressed and his limbs set with a skill such as a hundred and sixty years ago all the wealth of a great lord like Ormond, or of a merchant prince like Clayton, could not have purchased.' This he wrote thirty-

seven years ago, the very time that medical journals were discussing the virtues of ether. He had then not known that operations perilous in the hands of a great surgeon would soon become quite safe; that difficult operations, only attempted by skilful surgeons, would be attempted by every country practitioner; that operations once hurried through would be performed with such deliberation that excision would be confined within the narrowest limits of the diseased parts; instead of the arm being amputated for disease of elbow-joint, the diseased parts only being slowly and carefully cut out. Dr. Miller's practice lay in the early portion of this happy period for mankind, and in Bombay ether would soon be in use.

The conflict of a Hindu and English practitioner where surgery was needed, was certain victory to the English and discredit to the Hindu. Dr. Miller

records amongst his cases one of this nature :—

'20*th July* 1850.—Called to see D——, a Parsee boy, aged ten years. His father states the boy enjoyed good health till about twenty-four days ago, when he complained of pain in his right side, accompanied by continued fever. The part was swollen. A native doctor who was employed applied about seven dozen leeches, and gave him much medicine. The fever has continued, and the swelling very much increased.

'The boy is very much emaciated, skin hot and dry, pulse 120, breathing a little accelerated; lying on his back, with lower extremities drawn up. Tongue white; covered in the centre with a thick coating, tip and edges red, gums prominent and spongy. Complains of thirst. Liver much enlarged; fluctuation very distinct over the whole of the right lobe; the intercostal spaces between the false ribs full, and fluctuation perceptible there also. The tumour, however, more prominent, and pointing about half an inch anterior to the edge of the false ribs. There the skin is red, tender, and fluctuation most distinct. The lungs are healthy, and the case a hopeful one for operation. Explained this to the parents; informed them of the necessity of opening the abscess, and the risks attending it. They wished the abscess opened.

'21*st*.—Having been requested to operate, found

the boy much in the same state; pulse 120, and weak; skin a little moist; the most prominent part of the tumour a little softer. Administered port wine in a little water; and with a common scalpel made an incision in an oblique direction, forming an angle with the ribs to the extent of about two inches, the centre of which cut into the abscess, but not sufficiently to give free vent to the matter, which was thick and ropy; introduced the point of the scalpel, and enlarged the opening to the extent of an inch. This gave free vent to about a pint of pus.'

This case is traced in manuscript through its eventful movements of two months' relapses and rallyings and convalescence, to the 20th September, when this entry closes it:—'Saw the boy today. The swelling has nearly disappeared; perfectly well.' The writing occupies seventeen pages of the size I have described above.

Before the discovery of ether in 1846, another anæsthetic agent was supposed to have been got, a subtle, occult, half physical, half psychical, a will force which had made enthusiasts, as well it

might. This is no other than the now exploded mesmerism, confined to seances and London dupes, discredited in science, credible only in spiritualisms. At first it was a plausibility, and the profession was bound to look into it. Mesmerism was believed to have been an animal magnetism; originated with Mesmer in Germany, who practised and preached it, and died in obscurity almost a suspected man. In 1818 the Prussian Faculty of Medicine had faith in it. In 1839 it was introduced into England under the auspices of a professor of the University College, London. It was also confidently asserted that Sir James Simpson and Sir William Hamilton had pronounced in favour of it in Edinburgh. In 1843 we know it was an inquiry in Edinburgh. A new movement like this is slow in its passage to a new country, but we find Dr. Miller experimenting with it in 1848. He has a susceptible subject,—a lady suf-

ferer,—and he is engaged in studying the phenomena. He has 170 pages of closely-written manuscript detailing his observations,—writing that would, if printed, cover 300 pages like this memoir. Voluminous observations these; the unconscious lady answers questions, foretells what will happen to her, professes to reveal social secrets, tells her physician how to treat her, etc. The observations extend over eighteen months. The extensive notes have no summary and no conclusion, and I should think, after reading them, that no induction could have been drawn from them, and the inadequacy of the evidence, and doubtfulness of animal magnetism, would have been apparent.

In 1853 Dr. Carpenter explained this suspension of sensibility as a purely mental condition. Expectant attention was his explanation. A man looking intently upon a wall will fall into a similar state of unconsciousness, or mes-

meric sleep as it is called, without those passes of the hand which were supposed to conduct magnetism. This simple fact expels it from a place in medicine; no subtle fluid exists in a wall. To this conclusion Dr. Miller must have come. He never spoke to me about it after he came home. A suspension of sensibility was the great want of medical science, and any appearance of an agent that would induce it was naturally scanned.

In cold climates the organs most exposed to disease are the lungs and their adjacences; in warm climates the organs which require a physician's cathartics are the liver and its adjacences. The constitutional disturbances known as fevers belong equally to both cold and warm climates, though the prevailing fevers are different. The prevailing fevers in Bombay are the intermittent and remittent fevers, not typhus or typhoid or scarlet or erysipelas or diphtheria. The Bombay

fevers are treated largely with quinine given during the intervals of the intermitting paroxysms. A drug of similar action to quinine was suggested with which to vary the treatment. This was bebeerine, obtained like quinine from the bark of a tree. The tree is known as 'greenheart,' and belongs to the order of the laurel, nearly allied to the camphor and cinnamon, and is a native of British Guiana, and grows sixty feet high. The alkaloid to which it owes its virtues is not so powerful as quinine, but quinine had become dear. Dr. Miller tries this, and records his experience :—

'"Bebeerine."—I have used this medicine in several cases with benefit. Mrs. M——, a Persian lady, is subject to attacks of intermittent fever. She has been in bed for several days before she consulted me. Had had two paroxysms of fever. . . . I then ordered four five-grain pills of bebeerine, two to be taken at six o'clock and two at eight o'clock the following morning, the fever fit being due at nine. She did not take the pills at seven, and the fever came on before she got the second dose. . . . The pills were commenced as

soon as the fever left her. She took two that same day and four next morning, and had no return of fever. The pills were bulky, and she did not retain them. Then the bebeerine was given in solutions, and continued for some days, and the fever has left her.'

This is accurate, careful, earnest work; considerable versatility, a measure of hospitality to new ideas. This is not shoddy, which is the sin of a busy, working age,—a sin which carries poverty, and distributes its penalties far and wide, which is clean contrary to the eternal laws by which our work is governed. Dr. Physick graduated in Edinburgh in 1792, and went out to America. He is known as the father of American surgery. He died a very wealthy man. When he began, he says, 'I walked the pavements of Philadelphia, after my return from Europe, for nearly three years, without making as much money by my practice as put soles on my shoes.' But he was reading, thinking, writing. No true

worker is lost in God's world, or thrown away. Let us furnish ourselves for our work, and the work comes to us, and delay will only prepare us the more thoroughly for the work when it comes. Let us aim at the higher sweeps of excellence in thought and work, and we shall reach at least to some of the finer zones. Carlyle says: 'I call a man remarkable who becomes a true workman in the vineyard of the Highest. Be his work that of palace-building and kingdom-founding, or only delving and ditching, to me it is no matter, or next to none. All human work is transitory, small in itself, contemptible. Only the worker thereof, and the spirit that dwelt in him, is significant.'

Dr. Campbell of the Bombay Army was much professionally with Dr. Miller, and he thus writes :—

'You may judge of how highly I appreciated his professional ability and attainments, when I

record the fact that I frequently consulted him in difficult and dangerous cases. . . . There were many fine points in his character, and it presented an unusual combination of astuteness and sagacity with guilelessness and sincerity. His tastes were simple; his habits quiet and domestic; he was careful and liberal; and his will showed how deeply he had the interests of the church to which he belonged at heart.'

CHAPTER VII.

1844–1855.

MISSIONS OF WESTERN INDIA—DR. MILLER'S PLACE IN THEM—MRS. MILLER.

'*Greet Priscilla and Aquila, my fellow-labourers in the work of Christ Jesus, who have for my life laid down their own necks, unto whom not only I give thanks, but also all the churches of the Gentiles.*'—ROM. XVI. 3, 4.

'*The Lord give mercy unto the house of Onesiphorus; for he oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain. But when he was in Rome, he sought me out very diligently, and found me. The Lord grant unto him that he may find mercy of the Lord in that day; and in how many things he ministered unto me at Ephesus, thou knowest very well.*'—2 TIM. I. 16–18.

THREE ranks of workers may be seen in the early planting of Christianity. The apostles are in the first rank, the founders, organizers, and chiefs of the kingdom of heaven, whose lives and heroisms are conspicuous: Paul, Peter, John. In the second rank are men like Barnabas, Mark, Timothy, Luke, Titus, landed proprietors, physicians, writers, presbyters, the inner companions of the apostles, whose personalities are to be seen by us only in their broad outlines. In the third rank range those of whom we know little more than their names, and the occasions which called for the mention of their names. Aquila and Priscilla, wealthy manufacturers and travelling vendors of haircloth, the centre of whose business is

in Rome, whom we find in Corinth, where Paul met them by the accident of seeking employment in their factory, whom we find again in Ephesus instructing the eloquent Apollos in the things of Christ, and later on we get a glimpse of him in Rome, and again at the time of Paul's execution we just know that they are in Ephesus, because Paul sends his regards to them there, —Tychicus and Trophimus of Ephesus, who joined him in Macedonia after he was driven from that city, who from that day kept close to him, and were the bearers of his despatches to all the scenes of missionary work on the basin of the Mediterranean,—Epaphras of Colosse, who visited Paul at Rome, and brought him word of those philosophical speculations of which he could make nothing, but which inspired the Epistle to the Colossians,—Philemon of Ephesus, the wealthy owner of slaves, and Onesimus his slave, so useful to Paul in his first imprisonment at Rome, and who

was the occasion of that letter which was the charter of the slave's emancipation,—Onesiphorus of Ephesus, who travelled all the way to Rome to find Paul in his second and fatal imprisonment, and whose presence cheered him in that last chill solitude of his life, and touched him deeply,—all these made their small but sure contributions to that work which swept away the decaying religions and superstitions of the classical ages, which was the new life of Europe, and the beginnings of the Christendom that now is. The place I assign to the subject of this memoir is in the second class.

When Dr. Miller arrived in Bombay in 1841, the great missionary enterprise of the East may be said to have been in its infancy. Yet there had recently been a new and remarkable movement in the native community, under the teaching of the Scottish missionaries. This first great missionary sensation could scarcely have subsided

when they had arrived. Two years before, two highly-educated Parsee youths, one of them a married man and a parent, had taken refuge with Dr. Wilson, under convictions of the truth of Christianity, and had been baptized in May 1839. These youths have since become the Rev. Dhanjibhai Nowroji and the Rev. Hormazdji Pestonji. This was the first active intrusion into the dormant ritualisms and feeble superstitions of the native races, and it touched to the quick their conservative susceptibilities. It convulsed the ancient community more especially concerned, but all the varied populations were affected more or less, not knowing where the next wave may throw itself. Law was resorted to; the Supreme Courts issued writs of Habeas Corpus on the missionary; judgment was given on conjugal and parental rights, on the custody of the minor and the age of majority. Legal novelties, domestic sanctities, missionary energy, future complications were the

agitated discussions for years. The Parsees had wide commercial relations. They were the leading bankers, merchants, builders, and contractors, and their affairs were naturally subjects of sympathetic interest. All India had heard of what missionaries had done from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas. This turmoil was still fresh when Dr. Miller arrived, and as his own countrymen were the cause, it would still more interest him.

Such a movement would cross-question the sympathy of English society, and Christian men by a sure instinct would range themselves on the side of missions. It would educate the Christian instincts and develope latent affinities. When Dr. Miller left Glasgow he had been a Christian worker. He now sees the highest Christian work, the fervent propaganda of the days of the apostles, in which from want of language he could take no direct part, but to which he could contribute in other ways,

as Aquila and Priscilla, as Onesiphorus, as Philemon.

Missions are the glory of the Church, the missionary spirit the very instinct of the spiritual life. Home missions and foreign missions, and Christian benevolence in general, are the products of the same moral force, and the intensities of its action make the higher modes of the spiritual life. They are institutions created by a new love for man, a higher interest in humanity, a fine value discovered in human life. Churches and religions have their grades determined by their capacity for organizing and sustaining the fires of missionary enthusiasm. 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.' The missionary spirit is born of this love, when all men become dear and interesting to us, when in all men we see a spark of that divinity which was the glowing fire of Christ's being, and to kindle

every struggling spark and dying ember of this divinity becomes the passion of the human soul. The ideal of human nature was found in Christ, and something of His glory is now a lustre gleaming upon every human soul, how degraded soever he be, and to rescue this lustre becomes the desire of the spiritual mind. The significance of humanity has been found in Christ, and when the life of Christ is flowing freely into men, a sympathy is felt for all men, and from the altars of this sympathy the missionary fires are kindled. The whole race is regarded with reverence since Christ came into the world. The animal that is in man is put into its right place, and the Christ and the divine in him have become visible. The first Christians loved Christ, and they went on to love all men. For the first time in the history of the world were men to be seen laying down their lives for the good of men, and for the elevation of their kind. Through them in

the apostolical succession, by a moral transmission, this love has come down the centuries. We love Christ, and love all men. Loyalty to God and loyalty to man become the two poles of that axis in which the spiritual being moves.

The revival of religion which took place at the close of last century, broke out in missionary anxieties. When, towards its end, the eighteenth century woke up from the dulness, vulgarity, and apathy which had oppressed it, and its literature was throwing off conventionality and becoming natural in Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, and Scott, and the reign of the Georges over English life was waning, and Wesley and Whitefield awoke England to a new religious life, and Andrew Thomson and Thomas Chalmers awoke Scotland,—a new era is upon us. The Clapham philanthropists were busy in and out of Parliament with benevolences; prisons were being cleansed, as the Augean stables

of the age; the slave trade attacked, as a degradation of human nature not to be tolerated. John Eliot, an early precursor, breaks ground in America, carrying the gospel to the aborigines in their own forests and prairies. John Williams goes to the South Sea Islands, a missionary artisan, carrying the gospel and the arts and civilisation, in one person. Carey went to Calcutta to be banished by the timid Government of the day, and find refuge in the Dutch settlement of Serampore,—a shoemaker who learnt about forty languages, and wrote the grammar and dictionary of several, including the Sanskrit. Henry Martyn is in Persia translating the New Testament in the Persian language amid Mahomedan fanaticism. This wave of philanthropy and missions has moved on and broken on every shore of the world, a spirit kindled which has burned on ever since, and a work inaugurated, the end of which we do not see, and the splendour of

which we do not discern, because it is going on before our eyes. Human nature has a singular infirmity, that it is not able to see the true proportions of great men and great works till they have become historic.

The city of Bombay early attracted this missionary enthusiasm which broke upon the world at the beginning of this century. The Americans sent their heralds of the glad tidings in 1812; the first on the field, who were driven off by the dull officialism of the age, and who hung about till better counsels prevailed and allowed them a footing. In the glow of the reviving age, the Scottish Missionary Society was founded in 1796. In 1822 this Society sent out its first missionary to Western India, who occupied the low country between the sea-coast and the high tableland of the country, known as the Konkan. Bombay was not really occupied till 1829, when Mr. Wilson (afterwards Dr. Wilson) settled in it. He arrived in 1827, and

having joined the missionaries in the Konkan for the purpose of acquiring the language, he returns to occupy Bombay. In his journal are these words, the first beginnings of great things :—'29*th November* 1829, *Sabbath.*—I commenced my ministry among the natives of Bombay by preaching to about twenty individuals in Mr. Laurie's house.'

A thousand years after this, when all Asia will have become a Christendom, and India with its ancient learning one of the foremost countries, and there will be a history of Christianity such as Europe has, the great missionaries will be known in unforgotten records as the apostles of the continent. There will be names also remembered of those who collected round the persons of the chiefs and founders, who were not missionaries, but whose sympathies cheered, and private labours contributed to Christian success, such as Phœbe of Corinth, and Philemon of Ephesus, and

Aquila and Priscilla of Rome, and Erastus of Corinth. In Bombay there were men like Sir Robert Grant, the governor, who wrote the hymn, 'When gathering clouds around I view.' Mr. Farish, an interim governor, Mr. Webb and Mr. Money of the Civil Service; and later, more in the period of this memoir, Major Molesworth, the author of the Marathi Dictionary, Major Mylne, Dr. A. H. Leith, and Dr. Graham and Dr. Campbell, all of the army. Conspicuous amongst these will be Dr. Miller, with the church in his house, which contributed three baptized members to the native congregation. In his house, every Sunday, a service was conducted by converts for the benefit of servants. Three of Dr. Miller's servants embraced Christianity. If every English household would take this sort of interest in its servants, the native churches would soon be large. Dr. Miller's active sympathy in the native church will be also seen in what

he professionally did for its members, when we come to the affectionate farewell they gave him on his departure.

More noteworthy is the conversion of a Mahomedan, now a Christian judge, high up in the service of the Government, traced to the agency of Mrs. Miller. In 1855 Dr. Duff visited Bombay. His fame as a preacher was great; his eloquence electric; his soul kindling with his subject, and his hearers carried away by a torrent of earnest thought, striking imagery, and inspiring words. Every one knowing the English language rushed to hear him, Sayyad Hasan, a student of the Elphinstone College, among them. With a secret drawing to Christianity, of which he was too conscious, he saw some other Mahomedans in church sitting before him, and fearing to be suspected in his inclinations, he left the church without hearing the Calcutta preacher. Beside him was sitting Mrs. Miller, who detained him as he was

moving out, and before he made his timid flight, gave him the text to think over, 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' The eloquent missionary he did not hear; the text, given by Mrs. Miller in silence and in secret, sank down into the susceptible soul, the scene helping the impressiveness, and womanly love acting as a sunbeam on the troubled landscape. He soon after became an open inquirer, and sought help from Mrs. Wilson, as if a woman can best continue what a woman has begun. He was instructed by Dr. Wilson and others, was baptized, and has since prospered in secular life, and made a consistent Christian life. In the statement he read at his baptism, he associates Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Wilson together as the instruments of his change. He says :—

'In the Warrior of Mecca I cannot find a Saviour,

notwithstanding the tenacious opinions of his followers to the effect, which is quite groundless, as appears from Mahomed's own confession of his own sins, in several passages of the Koran. Under such circumstances, the religion of Arabia is quite unable to answer convincingly the question, "What must I do to be saved?" But this question is answered by the Bible. It informs us that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." It is pleasing for me to observe that this verse was for the first time presented to my attention by a beloved sister in Jesus, now present before you (Mrs. Miller), the successful inquiry after the truth of which, under Divine grace and the perusal of the Holy Bible, a copy of which was first presented to me by one of my present instructors,—at the same time an affectionate mother (Mrs. Wilson) in our common Lord,—has brought me to stand before you in my present condition.'—*From the 'Oriental Christian Spectator,' March* 1857.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISSIONARY FRIENDSHIPS—MISSIONARY INFLUENCE—
MISSIONARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Soon wilt Thou take us to Thy tranquil bower
To rest one little hour,
Till Thine elect are numbered, and the grave
Call Thee to come and save:
Then on Thy bosom borne shall we descend
Again with earth to blend,
Earth all refined with bright infernal fires,
Unctured with holy blood, and winged with pure desires.

Meanwhile with every son and saint of Thine
Along the glorious line,
Sitting by turns beneath Thy sacred feet
We'll hold communion sweet,
Know them by look and voice, and thank them all
For helping us in thrall,
For words of hope, and bright examples given,
To show through moonless skies that there is light in heaven.

KEBLE.

WHETHER it be that the men selected to originate great movements develop into the proportions of their enterprise and are made heroic by it, or that the young instincts of rising men see great beginnings and manfully enter into them, and make their work heroic by their presence in it, we find that there are always men at hand, to found, to organize, and to be chiefs of heroic enterprises. Perhaps the truth is, that partly the creative faculty awakes with great occasions, and partly the environments stimulate even ordinary faculties to unusual activity. After all, the man and the hour come together in predestined courses. Notably was this the case with the

founders of English rule and Christian missions in Bombay.

From the beginning of the century to the time that Dr. Miller left Bombay, there were twelve governors, who administered the destinies of the millions of that province, and of these eight were Scotchmen; and this number includes such men as Jonathan Duncan, Mountstuart Elphinstone, Sir John Malcolm, Sir Robert Grant, Lord Elphinstone, men of more than proconsular efficiency and dignity. The education of the city was inaugurated by Professors Bell and Henderson and Harkness, graduates of Scottish universities, who laid the foundations of those institutions which have since developed into the University of Bombay. We have just seen that American missionaries originated the missionary work in Bombay, and their work was of that quiet, silent nature which is the manner of all great forces. It was under Dr. Wilson, however, that the

missionary work told upon the upper classes of native society, and acquired a visibility and impressiveness; and he is the first of those missionaries who influenced European society, and drew their sympathies, and who became a powerful centre of radiations. He, and others who influenced Miller's life, must now be briefly noticed.

Dr. Wilson arrived in 1827, and swiftly grasped his work by acquiring the languages. He was a tall, slender, nervous figure, with eyes that looked into you, expressive in every feature of his face. A man of very productive faculties, resolute perseverance, and clear discernment, he was always acquiring knowledge, and the most forbidding kinds of knowledge, till he became a cyclopædia of Oriental and other eruditions; ancient books and religions having a fascination, as belonging to the province of the missionary, who cannot understand the religious phenomena

around him without a knowledge of their primeval sources; dry studies, with few engineered paths through them but what he made for himself. In his native strength of faculty there were grand angularities which pushed themselves every way where work had to be done, and research pursued, and missions extended; a diffusive soul radiating into the two hemispheres of thought and action. He was the only missionary who had made excursions into the Zend and Pehlivi languages of the ancient Medes and Persians, one or two continental linguists being his precursors in these Sassanian and Iranian fields, at the beginning of the century—newly discovered languages in which is locked up the sacred literature of the Parsees; which sacredness he exposed, that the Parsees may look into the religion which unquestioningly they had received from their ancestors, which was true to them, and if it could be true to their

successors in the nineteenth century. He knew Sanscrit; preached in three of the spoken languages with fluency. The new sciences of geology and mineralogy had found a teacher in him, and he introduced Mantel and Jameson into classes in Bombay, and was amongst the first to write on the geology of Palestine from personal observation.

Wilson's nature was underlaid with strong and pure fibres of evangelical traditions; his joy was in missionary triumphs; his complacences in the infant native church and its expansions; his outlooks into its distant ramifications. This church began with the poor and the feeble, as everywhere, and its later composition was the same, with a sprinkling of the better and upper classes; and this gifted and large soul watched over it with carefulness, poured himself into all the petty details of their lives, joying in their joys, burdened with their sorrows, vexing himself with

their failures. Truly a noble spectacle; and surely nothing nobler to see a man who missed being a statesman, and was latterly consulted as a statesman, having such sympathies with human nature, and such a sense of the inherent greatness of the Christian Church. Pauline perception and enthusiasm, this. He fills with a powerful individuality and varied resources the whole of Western India, becomes the adviser of British viceroys and governors, writes minutes for the guidance of the Indian Government, overflows on the one side into Africa, where his pupils are the guides of our military expedition into Abyssinia, and on the other side into Central Asia, and over all India. And yet his life-element is the Church of Christ and its feeble missionary converts, and the lower castes who compose it, whom he tends with pastoral fidelity and affection, and their orphans and widows, and the schools where they are being trained up. A

strong and affectionate intimacy sprang up between him and Miller, and continued by correspondence after Miller's return home, of some consequence to the missionary enterprise. It was to Dr. Miller that Lord Elphinstone said that to no man was he more indebted than to Dr. Wilson for public and private services, and who would take nothing for these services.[1] Dr. Miller received Dr. Wilson's *Lecture on the Religious Excavations of Western India, Buddhist, Brahmanical and Jaina*, after hearing of his death; and the following is the inscription in it by Dr. Miller: 'Received in December '75, after the Doctor's death was heard of, so that this is my last remembrance of the good man.'

Robert Nesbit belonged to the original band of missionaries. A saintly man, he; who would be the lineal ancestor in the spiritual succession of the M'Cheyne type of men. His missionary aspirations were

[1] Dr. Smith's *Memoir of Dr. Wilson*, page 542.

awakened as a student under Chalmers, then in St. Andrews. He is different from Wilson, as might have been expected, for a divine order requires variety of men and variations of labour. As a teacher, he has no peer—patient, accurate, inspiring; as a preacher he had a directness and unction of resistless charm. Truly a melodious man, carrying a sacred joy in his soul, seeking to get ignorance banished and idolatries abolished, by great labours and persuasive teaching and secret prayer. A stillness seemed to be somewhere in the deeps of his nature, as of other worlds, a presentiment of his too early death. He was a tall, broad man, with earnest eyes, a smile which gladdened, and a cheerfulness which warmed all who came near him. Why his usefulness was cut short when he might have had twenty more years of loved labour, is a question which raises the thought of the deep mystery which encircles and illuminates human lives, in

which there is plainly no clock-work but a divine versatility of plan. We are required elsewhere, our thought and earnestness are required elsewhere, in a universe of labour where God is the Master Labourer, and the best of men are quickly wanted there. The University of St. Andrews lost an opportunity of honouring itself by not giving him a Doctor's degree, who should have sought out such a man, he never seeking himself. He was the author of a volume of sermons, and another of essays.

Dr. Murray Mitchell was another contemporary, who has survived his compeers, who still roams over India in missionary thought and hope, of whom as the living it is not permitted to say much; except this, that in obedience to the law of variety, he is a variation upon both Wilson and Nesbit—a man of many acquirements and adjustments, classical reading and sensitive scholarship, much

grace of manner; the basis of him being a true love and interest in humanity; in every segment of him a cultured man of kindly radiances, who has left his mark upon the missionary work, and whose work will live in the coming cycles.

Messrs. Nesbit and Mitchell took the pastoral oversight of the large section who seceded from the Establishment in 1843, and to which Miller adhered. It was a ministry of much freshness, an eloquence of life which attracted many hearers to whom Scottish questions were not familiar. Dr. Miller's life was nourished by these ministrations. As we have seen from the journals, he much enjoyed their teaching. No finer memories can a minister have than that his words have spoken comfort, hope, fear, and strength to souls, have swayed minds and helped to remodel lives, and that years afterwards a record appears that so it has veritably been with one human soul. And if with one, it must

have been with many who are voiceless now, but who will speak the story of this world in other climes, in that future of manifestations which lies hard by the present. Miller left £2000 for an endowment fund to this congregation, founded by Messrs. Nesbit and Murray Mitchell—a grateful appreciation of the edification he received through twenty years.

Nor must the wives of the missionaries be omitted in these memorials. The second Mrs. Wilson, with her dignity, beaming face, unvarying good temper, unremitting labours in the homes of native Christians, consummate tact, womanly sympathies of the meekest and most delicate kind, the story of whose life ought to get some permanent record, as holding an inspiring lesson to all true workers;—the second Mrs. Nesbit, only married a few months and made a widow, who remained in the mission-field as a husband's rich

legacy of affection and enthusiasm, superintending the female schools, of untiring energy, duty deep in her nature and the shadow of a great sorrow, raising questions of the beautiful mystery which, as a golden mist of the evening opening in rents into the sanctuary of the infinite far away, envelopes our mission in the world;—Mrs. Murray Mitchell, all radiance and elegance, recommending the cause of missions in the highest circles, breathing a sweetness into the family circles of native Christians, and gladdening their often isolated and bereaved condition with her glad and hopeful presence. Mrs. Miller associated herself as a volunteer in this missionary circle of ladies, gave some time and attention to the families of poor Christians, lightened many burdens, and cheered many hearts by her presence and kindnesses,—a Priscilla who instructed some like unto Apollos, and helped some like unto Timothy in Ephesus.

William Henderson, M.A. of the University of Aberdeen, is a lay worker who went out to Bombay in the service of the Education Society, which was originated to give to the dappled, heterogeneous populations of the emporium island a process and polish of Western science and literature. There are cynics who speak of the English, the Aryans of the West, as not having done well by the Hindus, the Aryans of the East, that we as a conquering and governing power have failed miserably.

The governors whom we sent out to rule were men of reduced families, needing money and a recovery of faded fortunes; but they were enlightened men, who did their piece of duty well, and who invested their energies into the precarious human wealth around them; and if they reaped materially, the country reaped morally;—exceptions rare. Messrs. Henderson and Bell went out from Scotland in 1835 in the educational service, then in its incep-

tion, which a wise Government had seen as a duty to the people. They soon lifted the platform and made a success of the experiment; schools were quickly transformed into a college, teachers into professors. They laid the foundations of what became the Elphinstone College, and later, long after these days, the University of Bombay, of which Dr. Wilson was the first Vice-Chancellor.

Professor Henderson was a remarkable man: pioneers are always that. Mere drudges of labour and of an officialism which has only a stomach, cannot become sources of anything perennially good or great. He was a tall, slight, nimble six-feet figure; loosely built; walked with a slouch; small physiognomy traced with lines of expression, a high forehead running up into a bald head; eyes permanently arched with spectacles; careless in his get-up, absent, absorbed. Before he went out he was classical master in Heriot's Hospital

in Edinburgh. His subjects in Bombay were history, literature, political economy, on which he delighted to discourse, and which he could illuminate. In utterance he chewed his words, as if he was speaking through phlegm,—thick, as a Scottish rustic would graphically call it. But you hung upon his words.

For a long time a certain antagonism was held to be evangelically visible between the Government system of education and the missionary system in which the Bible was taught. A secular education would inevitably sap belief in superstitions, though it would also teach thinkers to regard them as only the drapery of underlying truths, common to all religions. A scepticism born of this sapping process was seen by good men as harmful, a vacancy in human nature badly filled, leading to negations and unsettlings. This antagonism has, no doubt, with gathered experience, been much softened if not subdued altogether, and

even displaced by liberal views required by the situation. A Power that wields armies must be neutral in the matter of religion, a propagandism of gunpowder being always a mistake; populations are suspicious and sensitive, and even the seeming of force must be avoided. But this opposition was very pronounced at the period I am writing about between the Government and missionary systems of education, and produced even a literature. Professor Henderson had a deep seriousness in the basis of his character, and after eleven years of professorial service in the Elphinstone College, applied to be associated with the Free Church College, and announced that the highest interests are not served by the exclusion of Christianity from the teaching of the Government College. He was accepted, and he is now on the missionary lines. A sacrifice this of no common kind; it was a giving up and a coming down every way. A status

is given up, income reduced, promotion gone, a retiring pension stopped. Self was held in a firm hand by this high soul; religion triumphant all over him. The far off and the eternal demanded it.

An intimacy very early had sprung up between Miller and Professor Henderson, and at the time of his self-sacrificing step, and because of it, an electricity of interest was working in his secular mind and drawing them together. He advised the Professor to open a boarding-school for English children, much needed then also, which need Miller had perceived; a desert of scanty herbage being all that English children had educationally. They had often compared notes of Aberdeenshire and Ayrshire and of Caithness, to which last Professor Henderson belonged, and now other notes pass between them. Dr. Miller searched up his first pupils. On a holiday tour into the provinces, he found children of military officers and other

officials with very insufficient tuition, with such tuition as a runaway, half-repentant scapegrace of a respectable family at home enlisted in the army could give. He recommended Professor Henderson—an opportunity not to be lost, of which the parents eagerly availed themselves. He took the trouble to take charge of them and bring them down, and Dr. Miller's interest in the young was an ever-burning passion to the very last. Professor Henderson's school was a rare privilege for them, though mysteriously too short, for the men who seem most needed here are removed above. He was an enthusiast in communicating knowledge; had a liking for the young, a laughing face, attractive manner. Force of intellect very considerable, though somewhat discursive and even disorderly; flow of speech uninterrupted in history especially, every now and again widening into a lagoon, with bearings lost, and loss of interest for the hearers. When,

however, the interest flagged, or some passage of dulness had to be told of dry dates and dim geographies, he would perceive it, and immediately throw off an electric shower of curiosities and amusing facts, and call up the attention.

He had a strong Aberdeen accent, and some of us who had had Oxford tutors in our earlier days were amused as he pronounced bought *boat*, and thought *thoat*. But soon, in sheer admiration of the great soul, awaking a response in the youthful nature, we began even to make some poor imitation of him, though there is an expressiveness in the Aberdeen dialect which may also have told upon impressible youths. A wholesome man with a halo of glad earnestness ever about him, very serviceable, making a wholesome element in the world, who could not fail to emit sparks to kindle a light in hearts and souls, emanating himself into various transmissions. Withal he was a pensive man, who

looked into the dim provinces around him with a true insight; a lonely, unmarried man. Very tragic his end, and tragedy glorifies human nature, as the Greeks long ago perceived, and helps us into vision. In a holiday excursion, led by Dr. Wilson to some rock-hewn temples in the neighbourhood of Bombay, where Dr. Wilson's Oriental studies made him a bright guide, he and Dr. Wilson, the two oldest men of the party, were severely stung by bees on the head and face. Professor Henderson's brain was soon affected, and the mind followed; congenital tendency that way however. Dr. Miller saw him through the last sad scenes of aberration, engaged a ship for him, superintended personally all the preparations for his going home. He died in 1850 in Bath, a man whose true record will be in the significant silences and tranquillities of the unseen kingdoms around us.

These are some of the men whom Dr.

Miller found in Bombay on his arrival, and with whom he began a lifelong friendship. The Rev. R. W. Hume, of the American Mission, was another—a grave, earnest, hard-working man of the New England school of Puritans, who did a quiet work in the fields of Bible translation and Christian literature, periodical and otherwise, in the vernacular of Western India, which lives on to this day. All of them, men with clear conceptions of God's world; luminous men in the grim night of a heathen city; opulences not easily got every day for the missionary or any other work; men who planted themselves firmly in the next generation, using valiantly the force that was in them. Now all gone, these actors great and small in scenes full of history, heralds of religion and civilisation, making the unguessed future of nations, the builders of a temple whose spires and towers shall yet peer into the heaven. All gone, save a few, who still

look with deep and saddened interest on a heathen world of unfulfilled prayers and promises. Very sad to think on time with its withered generations, those past tenses of human thought and energy once so keen and bright gone for ever into the silent wastes. And yet why speak of witherings and wastes, which are the deposits of auriferous lodes and metalliferous lodes of other kinds for a world which is to be. The tasks given them to do are done, and done right well, amid infirmities, mistakes, and other weaknesses inevitable to humanity; serious business earnestly despatched with what of power, God given, was in them.

We can never cast the horoscopes of life, or what shape the intimacies and influences we have encountered will take, how our susceptible souls will be operated on by others, and what we may yet do by inspiration given to us from good and holy men. There is a solidarity in good-

ness of fruitful results. Dr. Miller became a wealthy man, and he left unusual legacies to the missionary enterprise of the churches, which had evidently become a passion of the soul. He has left to the Foreign Mission Committee of the Free Church £20,000, half the interest of which is to go to the support of ordained native ministers, and the other half to organize medical missions of an aggressive evangelistic character, conducted by native graduates in towns and villages adjacent to Bombay. One sphere of Dr. Miller's professional practice lay in the harbour of Bombay; and as he was rowed from ship to ship, his eye must have often rested on a striking outline of hills to the east and north, beneath which and among which clustered villages and towns, to christianize which his gift goes. And this passion for Missions was nourished by the friendships I have described. His other missionary gifts amounted to £7050, as below :—

Livingstone Nyassa Mission Fund,	£1000
To found a Medical Missionary Bursary in the Free Church College, Glasgow,	1000
The Christian Education Vernacular Society of India, ...	1000
Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, .	750
Foreign Mission Board of the United Presbyterian Church, ...	500
The Mission of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, ...	500
American Board of Missions, Boston, .	400
Bombay Medical Mission, . . .	500
Glasgow Medical Missionary Society, .	500
Fund for the Widows and Orphans of Foreign Missionaries, ...	900
In all, . .	£27,050

The following missionary and other reminiscences of Dr. Miller, from Mrs. Hume, widow of the Rev. R. W. Hume, already referred to, will be read with interest, perhaps, as coming across the Atlantic from Newhaven, Connecticut :—

'Dear, good Dr. Hugh Miller was a man whose memory I revere, and for whom I had the highest respect. I long to find something recorded, by my dear husband, that might help to revive in the minds of friends the goodness of the man, and give to those

who never saw him a true idea of the genuine nobility, and the Christian graces that endeared him to us.

'I am very sorry to write that I find nothing that can be of any real value to you. But could I voice the volume of grateful memories that are cherished in my heart, they would be the choicest and the best.

'Fifteen years he generously attended our large family in all our varied sicknesses and ailments, for merely a nominal compensation. And he never objected to giving daily, if needed, a half-hour of gratuitous attendance upon the Christians and orphans under our care.

'His patient and generous attentions, and his uniform Christian courtesies, were always an inspiring example. I can find no words too strong with which to record the gratitude we cherished, and the respect we had for his skill and judgment as a physician.

'He always came with such large-hearted sympathy and such tenderness, that the healing commenced before we applied the remedies.

'His visit to America in 1873, made up one of the brightest experiences of my life. It was a great joy to see at that time, how his Christian character had softened and broadened since he left the fatigue and perplexities of professional life.

'His generous impulses and good judgment eminently qualified him for introducing our good brother, Mr. Narayan Sheshadri, to the American Churches.

'Nothing could have been more judicious, generous, and unselfish than Dr. Miller's discharge of this

commission. And the good impressions made by our Hindu brother in this country, were largely due to Dr. Miller's modest and sensible method of introducing him.

'I hope you have been able to find abundant material for your work, and thus preserve to the church and the world another life of noble service for our Lord and Saviour.

'If you have an opportunity, please give my loving regards to dear Mrs. Miller, and believe me yours in Christian esteem, MRS. H. D. HUME.

'15 HOME PLACE, NEWHAVEN, CONN.'

CHAPTER IX.

CEYLON—COFFEE—GALLOWAYKNOWE.

'It was easy, in presence of such scenery, to conceive the exaltation which possessed the souls of the first discoverers of the West Indies. What wonder if they seemed to themselves to have burst into Fairyland—to be at the gates of the earthly Paradise? With such a climate, such a soil, such vegetation, such fruits, what luxury must not have seemed possible to the dwellers along those shores? What riches too, of gold and jewels, might not be hidden among those forest-shrouded glens and peaks? And beyond, and beyond again, ever new islands, new continents perhaps, an inexhaustible wealth of yet undiscovered worlds.'

KINGSLEY.

OUR island in the higher temperate zone has its wealth in a sunlight stored in the reeds and mosses of the Old Red Sandstone, in our Coal and Iron Measures; an ancient store of light. The islands of the tropics have their wealth in a present sunlight which shines with brilliant intensity upon them. They are sources of great wealth, but the moribund civilisations of the people were unable to extract or utilize this wealth. Naturalists have lately made these islands tell a story of science from their very peculiar and altogether insular fauna and flora, furnishing some help to perplexing and interesting questions of organic life.

Ceylon is one of these islands of luxuriant light, an island in which English capital and

enterprise have been invested with much advantage both to it and the world. It has long supplied a large portion of the beverage of coffee, which, next to tea from China, has done so much for the breakfasts of humanity, and for after-dinner liquefactions. The plant is a native of Africa, belongs to the order Rubiaceæ, the same order to which the quinine belongs, the cultivation of which is now taking the place of coffee; to this order also belong our madder and bedstraws of which there are many species, and woodruff. From its native haunts in Arabia and Abyssinia, it was introduced into Ceylon by the Arabs, but the natives of the island did not perceive its potative virtues or commercial value. The Dutch first cultivated the coffee plant in Ceylon about the year 1700, for purposes of trade, but to no extent. It was left to us, when we got the sovereignty of the island, to utilize it as a plantation ground of coffee.

The coffee plant does not grow on the lowlands; it is the hills of Ceylon which make the native climate of this interesting shrub. The hills, not fifty miles from the coast, rise to the height of 6000 feet, green to the top with forests. Kandy is the chief town, and it is the Kandyan highlands which are the home of the plant. These highlands were found by us overgrown with primeval forests, and a thick, intricate undergrowth of brushwood, in which elephants and leopards had their grazing and feeding ground, where deer and fowl and game of all kinds were ever in motion. The pioneers in the work of felling the forests had hard work, but it had its romance; for the mountain country, with its peaks and glens and precipices, was all picturesqueness, while sport gave it excitement.

It was in 1825 that the remission of duty on coffee gave the first impulse to the cultivation of it, and it is difficult to see

why there should be duties to hamper commerce, which also hamper revenue, except to show how foolish and confused are men's ways in this world. When Dr. Miller arrived in Bombay in 1841, a steady growth in this industry had been in progress. In 1837 there were 3661 acres sold of Crown lands for coffee plantations. In 1841 it had risen to 78,000 acres. In 1845 coffee plantations had become a mania of investments. The highest officers of Government were deep in it; the officials of the East India Company were rushing into it: it was to be an Eldorado of more fabulous wealth than anything in the West Indies. Capitalists from England came in shoals; California was nothing to it; the scions of noble houses, the aristocracy both of blood and money, had arrived to reap a harvest. In five years, five millions were sunk in the highlands of Ceylon. Like all commercial manias, this became a madness with disaster added, as all unreason must

be, and it abolishes itself in paralysis and confusion. One dreadfully uncertain feature in the enterprise was that the native Singhalese will on no account or inducement engage in the labour of the coffee. The labour has to be imported from India, subject to contingencies baffling to all calculations of the ledger. A commercial unreason has to settle down into reason, and come to terms with the regular and the normal, though not till much ruin has been entailed.

Dr. Miller was always a shrewd man of business, and he had taken advantage of the Ceylon fields for the investment of the earliest savings of his practice. In 1844, just before the mad year, he is the purchaser of a tract of 195 acres. It is interesting to notice that he transfers the name of his paternal acres in Ayrshire to this new acquisition. It is called Gallowayknowe, by a slight and necessary change from Gallowayford, there being no ford here, but

hillocks, which in the expressive Scotch are called knowes—probably the same as the English knolls. The collapse which came in 1845 must have tried him much, but also proved his sagacity. Estates had been sold off for nearly the twentieth part of what was paid for them; swift disappearance everywhere of moneyed faces, in the epidemic of the panic. Dr. Miller, with others as far-sighted, held on to the depreciated investments, saw better times must come. Human bibations cannot be banished, nor human stomachs abolished from the world: something must wet the thirsty physical man. The panic was tided over, and Ceylon and coffee took their normal course; and it is in the normal, and not anomalous, that prosperity is safe.

In 1846, Professor Henderson, his friend, is on a tour and goes to Ceylon, and from a letter of his I discern that Dr. Miller is holding his ground there. An extract from that letter to Dr. Wilson will excite a small

interest in days getting pathetic and poetic with dim years :—

'I went down the coast in a Patamar (schooner), calling at Rutnagherry, Vingorla, and Mangalore, and landed at Cochin, where I remained some days, and then proceeded through Travancore and Tinnevelly, where I embarked for Colombo, whence I went on to Dr. Miller's coffee estate in the interior of Ceylon.'—*Oriental Christian Spectator*, 25*th July* 1850.

In 1848, Dr. Miller is himself in Ceylon, sick in health and discouraged with the coffee investments. Some notes of this tour, somewhat fragmentary, are in my hands. He makes an extensive tour, returning to Bombay by Madras. This was one of those tours in which he fished up pupils for Professor Henderson's projected educational institution for English children.

'Colombo, 29*th September* 1848.—Having arrived in the island in the early part of May last for the double purpose of benefiting my health and prosecuting my profession, I have now made arrangements to leave, and purpose to return to Bombay *via* Jaffna, Madras, Hyderabad, Shulapore, and Poona. I leave

Mrs. Miller and some servants with my friends the Elliotts, to wait on the return of Captain Jack from the interior, and accompany him to Bombay. During my residence in the island, we have enjoyed much and suffered much. Mrs. M.'s illness in Kandy I trust we shall never forget. We must look back with much thankfulness to a kind Providence—to a God who has dealt better with us than we have deserved, not only in stirring up kind friends to aid and help us in our affliction, but in restoring to life and health one I had thought nearly lost—one dearer to me than life itself. The enjoyment of a quiet retirement in our own house at the coffee plantation, and the delightful climate, were no small matters to one worn out by the fatigue of a seven years' residence in India; but the dull prospects of the coffee market at home, the difficulties of a pecuniary kind, and the rebellion which threatened at one time to ruin everybody and everything, give little pleasure, present or prospective. Time alone must decide for me if this coffee speculation is to make or mar me. Two or three years will determine the point, and let happen whatever may, I have resolved to stick to my profession. My health has not derived as yet that benefit from my absence from Bombay which I could wish, and believing that by avoiding October there I may improve, I have resolved on this tour.'

The Ceylon plantation has weathered the commercial panic, but it still continues an

uncertain and difficult enterprise. There are capabilities and promises in it—'it is to make or mar me.' It does not make him, or he might have retired sooner from professional life abroad, with his wife's health so seriously affected as we saw it was in 1852. It does not mar him either. Life is governed by compulsions, which shape our course, and compulsion keeps him at the post of duty. Bad years and good years, contending with one another, had left no margin of profits, and it proves ever hopeful, but not a speculation of immediate profit.

In 1859, Dr. Miller entered into partnership with Dr. William Campbell of the Bombay Army, with whom he was often professionally engaged. A commercial intercourse now begins of much happiness to both, and of unbroken good fellowship and esteem to the end. Dr. Campbell is a large and kind man, of high principle and Christian views of life, and superior modes

of action, genial, candid, friendly, with a humour playing in his nature, between whom and Miller there would be no other dividing line than the divine individuality which each man carries with him as his birthright. Gallowayknowe is exchanged for the Kelburne estate. Coffee looks to them both a hopeful field; though it has done nothing for Dr. Miller as yet, others have found gold in the chemistries of the coffee berry. A story of financial romance begins with the speculation of the two medical men. For ten years—till 1869—the estate does not pay; and worse, it requires money. Capital is buried in its soil; each year it requires the compost of gold; they are ever on the wrong side of their books. It became a perplexing problem whether an unproductive outlay should be persisted in. The expenditure must be stopped some day, the thing given up some day: give it up now, before the loss becomes heavier. 'Cut it down, why

cumbereth it the ground?' was the sentence often on the lip, and sometimes audibly threatened, and then withdrawn. There were two shoulders bearing the burden, and two sufferers who could cheer one another with hope. The local agents declared it must pay. Another year was given to it, and another year, and then a last, and still another. There was always a reason for the failure which satisfied and soothed. It proved an Eldorado in the end: it began to pay in 1869. In the paying years there were three crops which yielded a clear profit of £10,000 per year after paying all the outlay of the bad seasons. In 1877 Dr. Miller retired from investments begun in 1844, selling his share of the estate for £32,000. A veritable drama of monetary investment, with its thirty years of ups and downs, the sickly infancy, the anxiousness of delayed hopes, its development and rapid productiveness, ending in an enormous gain, allowed to one

man, which have ended very differently and very disastrously for hundreds of men for whom destiny had other lessons, which has this teaching uppermost for all men, both by success and failure, that 'man doth not live by bread alone.'

It is something to learn how a man conducts money matters—what of self and no self is visible; what those who have known him, inside and outside, in these transactions have discovered in him, that we may give the lie to the lie which ever insinuates, in modern as in ancient times, 'Doth Job serve God for nought?' Dr. Campbell writes:—

'Napier House, Tunbridge Wells,
June 16, 1882.

. . . . . .

'The relationship thus established lasted till his death, and was happy and harmonious throughout. The good understanding with which we began remained unbroken and undisturbed to the end. We never had a jar, and I cannot recall a single instance in which there was even an approach to a difference

or disagreement between us. I always found him fair, frank, and straightforward in his dealings; and though his greater knowledge and experience in planting would have fully justified him in assuming a more dogmatic and dictatorial tone in the discussion of our affairs, he invariably treated any suggestion I had to offer with the utmost courtesy and consideration. I should be doing injustice to his memory if I did not bear this emphatic testimony to his tact, temper, and good breeding; for I am not sure that he got all the credit he deserved for these sterling qualities. Everybody who came in contact with him must have been aware of his untiring energy and activity. He was singularly shrewd, sensible, and intelligent, a first-rate man of business, thoroughly conversant with all its details, and prompt and punctual and methodical in its discharge.'

Carlyle says, 'One thing I do know: never, on this earth, was the relation of man to man long carried on by cash payments alone.' Miller has all along felt other relations throbbing in his soul. Is not the measure of a man—often the sole measure of a man—the worth he sees in human nature, and the practical help he gives to further the interests of human

beings in their struggle with the rude materials of their lives? Whether he ever saw his Christian work in the simile of a phrase borrowed from his own profession, I do not know, but he is ever seen in the practice of a moral midwifery, in bringing to the birth the talents and travail of human souls in their difficult existence. The humanities are ever present in his nature, and in every situation he finds and uses the opportunities. I introduced to him a young man from one of the northern parishes of Scotland in whom I was interested. This young man had no connection with Ceylon, but had conceived an idea that he would try his fortune there. He had just saved enough for his passage and outfit; all else he was leaving to the Providence that was guiding his youth and inexperience. The steamer broke down in the Red Sea, and the young man was carried to Bombay. Instead of my letter of introduction being sent on

to Miller by post from Ceylon, it was delivered in person in Bombay. An interest in the young man was got up: the stranger in a strange land, carried out of his way, and carrying a letter to him, and the unexpected meeting, all unplanned, adding to the interest. Dr. Miller found employment for him on his estate, and he makes a beginning at once. Before he was leaving for Ceylon, knowing that his means were limited, perhaps exhausted, by the zig-zag made, Dr. Miller delicately put into his hands, while bidding him good-bye, a £5 note—a young man whom he had not seen till a few days ago. He has since prospered, and is owner of a plantation there, and of a small estate in this country of 300 acres. This beautiful story was unknown to me till his wife told me it in a letter on hearing of Dr. Miller's death. We must hear it in her own words, she writing from her own estate in one of the Lothians, her husband being in Ceylon:—

'Can you spare just two minutes to tell me how Mrs. Miller is; and if you care, and think it would not be intruding, tell her how deeply I feel for her. I know it will be a great blow to my husband. There has always been such a tie between my husband and Dr. Miller. He never forgot his kindness to him in Bombay; and I don't think anything had ever touched him so much as the delicate way in which Dr. Miller slipped a five-pound note into his hand, when saying good-bye, judging as he did rightly, that, with the extra voyage to Bombay, his funds were pretty low.'

The good that a man does when he has it in him to do it, no arithmetic can sum up; for it goes from heart to heart. And it is the awaking of these electric sympathies that clarifies even the intellect. A clear heart makes a clear head; and if muddy intellects could only see it, they will find that the mud is in the heart, in selfish, unsympathetic, unkindly habits.

CHAPTER X.

RELIGIOUS JOURNAL—1853, 1854, 1855.

'Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays,
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days.

. . . . . .

'Compared with this, how poor Religious pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!

. . . . . .

'From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God.'

BURNS' *Cottar's Saturday Night.*

I REVERT now to the Religious Journal, and give other and the final selections.

In these journals we see no striking thought or original observation; we have no social veil lifted up to tell those secrets or curiosities of human life in which philosophy delights. What we see is a life method, which a human soul took to make life a success. Here is an instrument which evidently did a good work. In these notes and quiet aspirings and subjective looks and cross-questionings, he is struggling towards that harmony which is the first element of victory over the obstacles that lie in our way. No eloquence is here; no edge of thought in dissection of motive or pro-

found insight. The notable thing is a child-like transparency, commonplace redeemed only by simplicity of thought and limpidness of expression. It is what might be written every day; all daylight and no colour, common light of day, clean sentences with plain syntax and lucid meanings. The thing visible is a species of industry which a human soul takes with himself, when he is in earnest about his mission here and place in the hereafter; a man trying to decipher the deep things in himself, that he may do his part well in the world.

These are veracious thoughts, rescued out of the waste, written for no editor to print, as it has fallen to my lot to do, discovered also accidentally a few months ago, when all hope of finding anything of the kind had been given up, lying under some obscure dust-heaps, soliciting oblivion. These diaries were discovered when none knew of their existence, and she who

was most interested in these sketches knew nothing of them or their existence. To get at something which a man wrote in the presence of God, with an immediate purpose in hand, to make his way uncrushed through the world, when he was struggling to give his superior nature authority over himself, writing down what he saw in himself which was injurious, and what he would like to be—this is something. And when this is ordinary writing which any one else might do, it is imitable; and if a valuable life furniture for one, it may be also for another. Here is a man, also, who is not in need of a biography to explain a life which is needing to be explained, no one asking a biography of him—a man who never expected a memoir either for public or private use, as the latter is the case now; but it being written, the commonplaceness of it may be of some service. There is no doubt that retrospections like these

may become diseased; and when a man is doing nothing but looking within all his days, they do belong to the morbid provinces. To be true they must belong to particular stages of the religious life, or some emergencies, and we see that in this case they are so limited. Religion is a silence of the soul, and this silence is reached after some noise, fret, and friction. We are religious by nature, and this natural religion has to become a chosen religion, which gets the positive consent of our nature; then it becomes a silent kingdom of the soul. Reflections, writings, diaries are useful to this end.

It is a small item, the simple and common strains of these entries: the large item is what a human soul has been aspiring after, and struggling with; and what help he took to solve the problem of his life and bring it to calm and holy issues. What underlies these simple strains has interest for us. The large item is to

see this method of journalizing as a way of reconciling the lower interests of money and professional ambition with the highest interests; these writings are one way adopted not to miss the high tracks of holiness in the pursuits of a busy profession. The large item is that a Christian man, seeing the Infinite as no haze but a living world of busy interests, and taking clear looks into it, he selected this help to keep his visions from being dimmed, and fight with all the obscurations. A life wrestle with a life conquest.

These are mainly Sabbath meditations, writing done on the Sabbath, a use to which a Christian soul puts his Sabbath, to extract the essence out of it, that it may influence his week-day life. Very exemplary and even emphatic this instrument of the spiritual life is. Writing gives order and fixture to thought; with the pen in hand, thought is awakened and ideas are caught in their successions, and

suggestions are got which otherwise would float unshaped. We acquire a stock of arranged and digested thought when the practice has been cultivated with persistency. Thought without expression is a wealth which is given to only rare men. This method should be always inculcated in our day, when education is spreading far and fast. Correspondence is a vast business. Let our writings be something more than ephemeral; something with soul culture as its object. And though, as here, there be no informing idea, or luminous thought, or fine observation, writing is always useful. If there is to be a development of higher thought, if the soil is to produce finer crops, writing will help it on, turning up the subsoil.

Religious Journal of 1853.

'*2nd January* 1853.—Sabbath evening . . . This the first Sabbath of the New Year, has been spent in business far too much; but how to get rid of this I know not: even every hour of this day has been occu-

pied, so that, excepting the times at church, I have not had a minute to read or reflect. I have much need to exercise myself more and more to self-denial in reference to inviting friends here to tea on Sabbath nights, for it is impossible to keep them to proper subjects of conversation. It is decidedly against my spiritual interest, and therefore, I pray God for more strength to resist it.

'23*rd January.*— . . . This morning Mr. Nesbit lectured on the two first verses of the fifth of Matthew, dwelling mostly on the character of the poor in spirit, and their qualifications, and destiny, and happiness. A most delightful service. Oh to feel in reality and always as I felt on hearing that discourse!

'This evening the Rev. —— His appearance on the whole, even for a very young man, was barely passable. The sermon was commonplace, but pretty well arranged and tolerably well read, but in such a low guttural voice as not to be heard beyond a few of the front seats, and the pronunciation very faulty. The first prayer was long and not very connected, the last was a regular break-down.

'30*th January.*—Sabbath evening we had Mr. ——, but it was indeed a cold, poor service; but oh for self-examination, for we have need in these times to go to the fountainhead and trust not in man.

'20*th February.*—The text this morning of Mr. Nesbit, Matt. v. 4, "Blessed are they that mourn, for

they shall be comforted," affected me much. O God, may that feeling continue with me. Do not let it pass away. Let me always feel sorry when I think of my sins, enable me to see them more clearly, and to despise myself in view of them, and cry unto Thee out of the depths of my grief, for Thou art ever ready to hear the cry of the needy and to send relief.

'27*th February*.—To-day the Rev. Mr. Clark, who is on his way to Agra as minister of a congregation there, to be associated with the Free Church, conducted the whole services, morning and evening. He preached in the morning from Gal. vi. 9, "For in due season we shall reap if we faint not." He first showed, that we shall reap that rest from all our toil which is to be the portion of the people of God; (2) that we shall reap an entire victory over all our spiritual enemies; and (3) reap communion with God in heaven. He illustrated briefly the condition,—if we faint not. The whole sermon was conceived and delivered in a most masterly style, and produced in my mind the liveliest feelings of gratitude to God for the opportunity of hearing a Scotch minister.

'1*st April* 1853.—It is a year this night since my dear wife left me for England. How soon it has passed away! It is twelve years to-morrow since I arrived in Bombay, and how soon that too has passed away! How very little I then realized what should happen to me and mine And while I have very many things to charge myself with—many sins of omission

and commission, much coldness and many, very many backslidings, . . . my lot, though dull and lonely, is greatly better than I deserve, and it is of the Lord's mercies that I am not consumed. O Lord, enable me at the beginning of a new year—new in many senses, new as to my being alone, new as to my Indian career, and new as to my age, for I am forty-one years of age if I live till this day week,—let me then, in view of all these things, resolve as I now do, in the strength of the Lord, to be more faithful, more devoted, and more zealous for His glory, and above all let me more carefully guard my heart, for it is deceitful above all things and constantly leading me astray. O God, enable me to keep these resolutions for Jesus' sake. Amen.

'28*th April*.—Another mail has been despatched to-day. I wrote a short letter to dear Agnes, and a still shorter one to my mother, who is now an old lady and very frail and lonely in Kilmarnock. She still enjoys a letter from me, I sometimes think, after all, that she is the only person who does so. This feeling I fear is wrong, and try not to indulge it, for besides the uncharitableness of the thought, it makes me very sad and dull.'

The differences with his brother Alexander, to which I have referred in the early part of this memoir, and the ill-advised

action of his brother in going to law, were now at their height, producing depression and dulness. The differences were referred to one of the Judges as arbiter, who gave judgment wholly and without qualification in favour of Dr. Hugh.

'30*th April*.—Yesterday was invited by note from Mr. Mitchell to witness a baptism at Ambroli of one Ramchunder, a pupil in our Institution. Attended. Mr. Hume opened the meeting. Mr. Mitchell preached in English and administered the ordinance. Mr. Narayan addressed the natives in Mahratta, and Mr. Candy (Church of England) pronounced the blessing. A considerable number both European and natives were present.

'6*th May* 1853.—To-day have to record the repetition of a great failing, and with a view to strengthen me in a resolution to avoid the same in future, I here make special mention of it, knowing that I am liable again to give way unless built up in holy resolution aided by the Spirit of God.

'15*th May*.—How far I have kept my resolution as above, the all-seeing God knoweth. Lord, enable me to strive unto the end that I may obtain the crown of life.

'18*th May*.—Time flies fast, and here am I a living evidence of the grace and tender mercy of a gracious Father, while others younger than I are being called away to their last abode. Within this month, among others, Mr. T. J. A. Scott and Mr. Balu of our mission have died of remittent fever. Mr. S. has left a widow and five or six children. Balu was well advanced in his medical studies at the Grant College, and was to have been employed by the Edinburgh Society as a medical missionary. Full of life and full of promise and fruitfulness in the Lord's vineyard, yet has he been cut down. He died happily, as all believe, and has left a glorious example to other native Christians, and indeed to all Christians.'

Some Entries in 1854.

'29*th July* 1854.—Nearly a year has elapsed since my last record, and how many changes within that year! (1) My wife arrived on 2nd September in good health, and has enjoyed the same good health ever since. (2) At the end of the year, after much delay, Sir C. Jackson made his award, finding Alexander in my debt Rs. 2213, 15. 6 (about £220), and besides gave me Rs. 3000 (£300) expenses, payable on 1st of May 1854. This was an award which poor Alexander and his friends were altogether unprepared for, but he was too ill to be affected by it. He had left England for Madeira on the 11th of October. He arrived in Madeira not any better, and lingered on till

the 19th of March, when it pleased the Lord to call him to Himself; and although I had not the satisfaction of hearing from him after the Court's award was sent to him, I rejoice to believe that his last end was peace, that his soul was set on God, and that he died in Christ.

'We have called Mr. T. G. Clark of Agra, and are in full hopes of now getting him to our Free Church soon. What need we have of a pastor!

'*5th October.*—The Rev. T. G. Clark and Mrs. Clark arrived *via* Calcutta. I went on board and brought them home to my house.

'*8th October.*—The Rev. Mr. Nesbit preached in the morning and dispensed the Sacrament to about seventy, Mr. Clark (the newly-elected minister) being one with us. Mr. N. at the close gave a most sweet and appropriate address introducing the new pastor. In the evening Mr. Clark preached his first sermon to a very full audience from Ex. xxxiii. 15, "If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence."

'On Wednesday evening attended at Ambroli, the ordination of Mr. Narayan Sheshadri. The service, conducted by Mr. Nesbit, lasted two-and-a-half hours. The sermon very appropriately the life and character of Paul.

'*31st October.*—It has pleased my heavenly Father to afflict me for some days past, and to prevent me on Sabbath from meeting His people in church. Mr.

Clark, however, read to me the notes of his morning lecture, and I had much Christian intercourse and meditation. I hope these trials, which remind one of immortality, may be sanctified to my soul; and I am thankful again to feel a little strong, as if life is yet to be prolonged. Oh may I study continually to attain to the object of life, to glorify God with all my heart!

'*9th January* 1855.—Since my last mem. we have completed one and begun another year. This day, in consequence of the election by the people, elders and deacons were ordained by Mr. Clark, viz. as elders, W. F. Hunter, W. Bell, W. W. Peyton, H. Miller; and as deacons, Mr. J. Paul, Mr. M. Young, Mr. S. Harrison.

'This is a call for which I feel myself every way unworthy; but I have accepted office, believing it to be a call from God, and in dependence on His grace and strength to be given. The Rev. Dr. Wilson and Rev. R. Nesbit took part in the ordination by being present.'

This last is the only entry in 1855, and the spiritual journals here close. The journals have attenuated away into intermittent entries in 1854 and a solitary one in 1855. Another class of journals began in 1856, combining both Sabbath thoughts and week-day matters, the

latter however predominating. This is ever the true order — after getting religion into our souls, to take up our secularities and see in them a new meaning.

CHAPTER XI.

DIARY OF 1856 AND 1857—LITTLE THINGS—SOME MEMORIES.

'If one of those little flakes of mica sand, hurried in tremulous spangling along the bottom of the ancient river, too light to sink, too faint to float, almost too small for sight, could have had a mind given to it as it was at last borne down, with its kindred dust, into the abysses of the stream, and laid (would it not have thought?) for a hopeless eternity in the dark ooze, the most despised, forgotten, and feeble of all earth's atoms; incapable of any use or change; not fit, down there in the diluvial darkness, so much as to help an earth wasp to build its nest, or feed the first fibre of a lichen;—what would it have thought had it been told that one day, knitted into a strength as of imperishable iron, rustless by the air, infusible by the flame, out of the substance of it, with its fellows, the axe of God should hew that Alpine tower?'

RUSKIN.

IN every life, whether ordinary or extraordinary, there are large tracts occupied with details, minutiæ, little things. It is worth while to see these constituents from a preserved record, to see the composition of these spaces like deserts of sand which the geographer notices as carefully as the water-basins and mountain systems of the earth; equally divine the sands, with functions of their own, directing the courses of human migrations and the fortunes of races. Silica, the chemical element in sand, is also the chief builder of the physical world.

There is a method in Dr. Miller's diaries, not consciously chalked out by himself, but created by inward necessities. This

method we have seen in the medical diaries replacing the religious ones. A religious journal abruptly stops in 1844, and gave way to the study of cases. In eight years his patients absorb all the writing time he has. In 1852 the religious journal begins, and religion dominates in 1853. In 1854 and 1855 the journal is broken, blank spaces and interruption, as if two years of spiritual reflections have done their work, and the necessity for them not so instant. In 1856, secular details enter largely into the structure of the journal, as if a *modus vivendi* had been found, and religion and secularities reconciled, and sanctified secularities woven into the web of time and life.

Carlyle says somewhere in a pathetic way, 'What is the use of recollecting all that?' In one sense, none; in another, much. Every comer into this world has indeed to make tracks for himself; into another's shoes or steps he cannot get;

we are original beings. It is still worth while to see in what tracks others have gone. There is help to new-comers on this turbid and dreary arena of things to know what their predecessors have had to do, what elements they found, and how they handled them. What is the use of all those manuscripts which the clergy write by hundreds through years of their ministry; at the beginning, crude, harsh, and strained efforts, the human sympathy in them and the vibrating voice the one redeeming element of the crudities. All this writing, spoken once in the ears of men who have allowed it to pass into more interior parts, has done good; but there is no further use for it. What is the use of all those scales which you see lying beneath the cherry trees in spring, which had sheathed the buds in winter, which are trodden under foot? They have done true service, those winter leaves, though they are now cast off. They have

protected the buds from winter frosts and storms, which otherwise had not enlivened the spring, or fructified in summer. If you look at those scales down under the cherry tree, you will notice that there is a pink colour upon them; they also partake in the same chemistries as the ripe fruit. And so these details, which fall away from life as of no consequence, are a part of the larger functions which, without them, would have failed us. Except the little things are well done, the larger things will not be well done. He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much, and he that is unjust in the least is unjust in the much.

There are four catgut strings which, raised on a bridge, compose the violin. By pressure of the finger at different points upon these, and by the friction, gentle and hard, of various degrees, of a bow of horse-hair upon the strings, we get hundreds of notes and wondrous

strains in major and minor. It is how we come in contact with all the little things which we have to deal with, that the worth of life is made, and the colour of our history is got; that a sense of duty is gendered, and conscientiousness cultivated; that harmony or discord will ultimately be got. These details mass themselves in course of time; each one appropriately touches parts of our nature; what we are in ten or twelve years after, will be seen by the spirit in which we have handled these details and touched these chords. Mere items have their value in the hour and in the day, and we were heaving with various emotions and tempers as we met them and used them, and then ripples are left on the soul, and deposits of soil made for future years. The generation that follows plants itself on this soil, the detritus of events, incidents, occasions, which once happened to us, and of duties and services in which we took our part.

These details moulder fittingly into oblivion, but they crowd into every life, and enter into the very substance of it. It is well to recover them occasionally, and to set them in order, that we may see what like those duties and attentions are which fill in such large spaces of life, and which were once very loud and living, dropping afterwards into voicelessness. Common rounds of duty, local charities, neighbourly kindnesses, trifling services,—how these are done, how a man conducts himself in them, this is after all the main thing for him. Most men have nothing more appointed to them. Heroisms, romance in action, vivid deeds, daring energy, only belong to exceptional lives. The mass of men have to give vividness to their daily duties, find occasions of heroism in kindness to neighbours, see if they cannot put romance into their businesses by the spirit in which they are done. One divine reason for making the

small and trifling to be the composition of life, is that its fulfilments and performances are within reach of our faculties. We cannot complain that too much was laid on us, and we unequal to our tasks, and incompetent for the divine purposes. The quality of our work is in the loyalty with which we do it, determined by the spirit which we put into it. We can bring principle, rectitude, conscience, the humanities and the heavenlies into our duties and tasks; and it is not in their hugeness that their value consists, but in the moral qualities which we infuse into them.

Dr. Miller's journal of 1856 illustrates the materials of which our lives are built up, of small duties, homely tasks, many details, secular services, prompt attentions. As it has pleased a human soul to keep a record of these, and as there is a commission to write his life, I will give some extracts; and we shall see how the dim

millions of men are spending their days beneath the sun and moon, and how significant to them are the details of duties, items of services, and commonplaces of action of which these years are woven. The diary of 1856 is on different lines from the previous years, which were largely Sabbath diaries, devoted to spiritual culture. This diary is occupied mainly with secular matter. It is ever the true order, though its applications will vary with human temperaments; after getting religion into our souls, to take up our secularities and to make them a new medium, and life be a sacred secularity, and a secular sacredness. The passage is a true one, from writing religious reflections to writing facts and occurrences, to note the phases of duty, and to reflect on the materials of life. To be always examining one's internal self, and making religious reflections, is to make a religion of phrases and fine sayings, with com-

placences of self in the bargain. Religion must be applied to deeds, facts, details, and occasions as they emerge. Religion must be found in action, in duties, and on the arena of business.

Let the reader now note these secularities, and perhaps the only good that he will get by these jottings will be that he will see, by putting in their place jottings out of his own days and years, what like his duties and deeds were, what motives, impulses, compromises, compliances with evil, agitations, aspirations entered into the currents of his days. A dispute, a friendship, a philanthropy, a medical consultation, a pulpit discourse, a banking business, a startling moral failure, a house building; it is such like which this journal contains. What we want in this world, is to see ordinary men with such ordinary goodness that ordinary men who have not ordinary goodness will see their guilty want, and have no excuse

for it, and be startled by it. And such ordinary men are to be found everywhere; but it is not every day that we can get any sort of materials to build up a memoir. When materials are got, let us get some use from them, and see what can be done with them. Very poor are these materials, but such as they are I give them. Twenty other volumes, one for each year till his death, from 1858 to 1878, are extant, having some entry for every day.

'15*th February* 1856.—Went on board to meet Rev. Adam White and Mrs. White, arrived as missionaries of the Free Church in room of the late Mr. Nesbit.

'Received a letter from Dr. —— as to terms of partnership. Visited Worlee with Mrs. Miller. Buildings going on slowly.

'19*th February*.—Was detained in the Small Cause Court from 12 till 4 o'clock this day in a case against Dadabhai Dhossabhoy, the gardener who refuses to pay his rent.'

Dr. Miller has acquired a country house at Worlee Hill. Troubles of law begin with the acquisition.

'28*th February.*—Met D. B. and gave in an unanimous award (in the case of a boy disabled by a gun).

'7*th March.*—Gave evidence at the Police Office, Mazagon, in a case of Dadabhoy *versus* my Ramoosie [watchman], for stealing mangoes.

'8*th March.*—Visited Worlee with Mrs. M. and Mary Jackson. Attended a meeting of the Medical and Physical Society.

'10*th March.*—Mr. M'Culloch called to ask me about Mr. ——, who has applied to him for a loan of Rs. 400. I said he might, if he liked, give the money, but with small prospect of getting it back again.

'24*th March.*—Letter from Margaret Miller, advising that my dear mother's physical energy was failing, and the mental nearly gone.

'6*th April.*—Commenced tract distributing among sailors in harbour this morning; gave away nearly fifty tracts and *British Messengers*, and in every case they were well received.

'8*th April.*—This is my birthday, being forty-four years. I was born in 1812. It is a solemn thought that so many years are past and not to be recalled.

'18*th April.*—Met in conference a Committee consisting of Rev. G. Cook, Dr. Don, Principal Harkness,

Rev. T. G. Clark, and myself, to try and arrange for the formation by joint effort of the Presbyterians in this Presidency of an orphanage for the boys of Presbyterian soldiers and others.

'9*th May.*—Attended Bank meeting, all present except Vurjeevandass. The Bank business proceeds favourably so far. (This is the Commercial Bank which came to grief in a few years after this.)

'31*st May.*—Attended a Bank meeting [which meeting is disorderly, directors out of temper]. Mr. M. most violent in his language. He then got up and struck at me, and had Mr. A. not got between us he would have committed a breach of the peace. [This strife was beautifully made up with explanations, and no two firmer friends to the last were afterwards in Bombay than these duellists over the Bank table.]

'9*th July.*—Dr. Leith called and examined Mr. J. Would not give any definite opinion as to the future.

'7*th August.*—A consultation with Dr. Campbell.

'28*th August.*—Visited Worlee. . . . Met Rev. Messrs. Isenberg and Hormasjee Pestonjee and their wives on the hill [hill of Worlee].

'8*th September* 1856.—The *Black Eagle* left to-day

after nearly three months. Mr. John Millar having spent a considerable portion of his time with us, we parted with much regret: a more lovable young man we have never met. [Mr. Millar now merchant in Glasgow, then on a sea voyage for health.]

'19*th September.*—Letter from Maggie, intimating the progress of disease in my dear mother. She seems fast passing away, but the change to her will be great gain.

'20*th September.*—Mr. —— called and told me of his bad news from ——; verily the world is going upside down.

'8*th October.*—This day the English mail arrived, bringing me the sad intelligence of the death of my dear mother at Kilmarnock on Monday the 25th August at 6 P.M. Her death I have long looked for, and yet it has affected me much.

'*February* 1857.—Dr. John Somerville [his partner] arrived yesterday, and if first impressions are of any value, we are all quite delighted with him. He is short in stature, fair in complexion, open and easy in his manners, and I should say good-natured. Very much resembles in many respects my late brother Alexander. Brought a very nice letter from his father. By the blessing of God, I think we are likely to get on well, and by His grace I shall study in every way to perform my part of the engagement

in such a manner as to afford Dr. S. comfort and satisfaction.

'31*st December.*—I have not been able to record anything for many months. We have been busy; having had a large share of the harbour practice. Dr. S. and I have got on most cordially. After ten months' acquaintance with him, I can record a most flattering opinion of him, both as a man and a Christian and a doctor. Time only is wanted to let him be known, when he will be esteemed by all.

'During the year I have finished another house on Worlee Hill.'

Dr. A. H. Leith was a figure well known on the island, an eminently scientific physician of the Bombay Army, but who had a very wide and high class private practice; much trusted, much consulted; very sure, very accurate; a grave and noble soul, one of nature's finest efforts sanctified; sympathetic with humanity in its highest interests; a helper of missions. Dr. William Campbell is also in the army, largely taken up with official duties, one of those men whom you don't forget easily; fine temper, calm mind, frank

manners, of resource and outlook, who is a pleasure to his friends. David M'Culloch is a merchant, a native of the county of Kirkcudbright, of Ardwell, an old family of lairds; a Christian man, wealthy, liberal, quaint, thoughtful, of fine business capacity; deep in his soul are the Christian traditions by which he is guided: returning from the funeral of a mutual friend, he said to me, 'Our friend now knows the great secret;' capable of expressions which sank down into the soul. He gave a large proportion of the sum required for the building of the Free Church in Bombay. Leith and M'Culloch gone to the starry spheres, leaving the world poorer by their absence, leaving it richer by their presence and work in it.

Time and its past tenses soon get charged with pathos and tenderness for us, and invest life with a halo of sacredness. So sad and so strange, the men we have met, and spoken to, and done

business with. When the space of twenty or thirty years separates us from them, how sacred become their traditions to us, how ideal the memory of things! There is now nothing little or common; it is all transfigured. And when they are gone hence, washed by death, they get canonized by Time, the incidents of their lives become wonderful, the sentiments of their lives deep as the world.

CHAPTER XII.

1858–1860.

LOOKING HOMEWARD—PHILANTHROPIES—AT HOME—PRESENTATION.

'*The thing is, I think, to think less of ourselves ana what we are to our work, and more of our work and what it is to us. The world moves along not merely by the gigantic shoves of its hero-workers, but by the aggregate tiny pushes of every honest worker whatever. All may give some tiny push or other, and feel that they are doing something for mankind. Circumstances spur as much as they hinder us. It is in the struggle day by day with them that we gain muscle for the real life fight. And the sense of the superiority of others is a joy to those who really work, not for themselves, but for the good of man; what they cannot do they rejoice that others can do.* Respice finem—*the old monks used to say in their meditations on life. Consider the end. And so it must be. To work well we must look to the end—not death, but the good of mankind.*' J. R. GREEN.

FEELINGS of migration are now sweeping over the soul; the autumn of life's work is speeding on. Miller has been more than eighteen unbroken years in service in an enervating and depressing climate. He is now forty-five years of age; the solstice of life is reached, the mid-time of his days. There is a roundness in the number twenty: it is a fifth of the hundred; and there is a sense of completeness in it, and twenty years is considered the orthodox span of service in India. There is always danger in a more prolonged residence, lest seeds of incurable disease be sown in the constitution, and life at home be no longer a pleasure, and only a valetudinarianism. Miller is looking over the ocean to home;

some change, some break, must be made, whether permanent or temporary cannot at once be determined. Home looks sacred after a long foreign residence, and to see old scenes is an irrepressible longing, and physical considerations harmonize with the moral conditions.

A sense of solitude comes over the residents in a country like India. Friends are moving away, and society is shifting. An entire new circle is formed in the course of twenty years, with perhaps not one of the older faces left. It is a pilgrim life; friends don't move into other provinces of India, but move far away to another climate, and this social mobility becomes infectious. The older residents feel left behind, and they long for a move also. This sentiment Miller expressed in a letter to me of date the 27th August 1859:—

'No one in this world ought to say anything is fixed, but we have the prospect of leaving India, at least for a time, about the month of March or April. I shall

then have been 19 years in India and 19½ away from Scotland; and though, in many respects, I have great cause to like India much, and may yet make it my permanent home, I am well satisfied that, both as respects body and mind, I need the expected change, and shall look forward to it with pleasure. I find quite a number of my friends gone and going. Dr. W. Campbell, I believe, goes home on leave; Dr. Morehead goes for good [who died in Edinburgh last year]; Dr. Burn will follow when his time is out, so will Dr. Leith; Mr. Spencer, it is said, contemplates a move soon.'

Death was making its removals also, and reducing the early circle of comrades in business and church life. We cleave most to the friends of youth and early manhood, and their going hence leaves us sadder and the world colder. One death at this period affected Miller much, a friend who has been quoted above, with whom, in banking transactions, and in social life, and church and mission work, he was much associated, highly sympathetic and a like-minded spirit. Mr. David M'Culloch was a figure well known in the English circle, who seemed

to make Bombay his life residence, who had spent a long and busy life in China and Bombay, and latterly was, for the most part, resting on his oars. He was a man of solitary, retiring, thoughtful habits; careless in his dress, living in a plain way, though wealthy; high up in the commercial world, and the organizer of commercial enterprises, and as such much consulted; good and godly, whose religion had the consent of his whole nature; known for eccentricities and a crustiness which, to those who knew him best, were interpretable as the angularities of a strong individuality. Miller writes to me (to Edinburgh) of his death, 6th May 1859:—

'You have heard, doubtless, of the death of Mr. D. M'Culloch. It was rather sudden and unexpected. He had an attack of fever very much like what you had just before you left. It left him and returned next day, and the head got affected. Water collected in his brain, and he gradually sank. I was with him during the last night. He was sensible, though he could not speak much. He enjoyed a prayer of Dr.

Wilson's; and I think at the very last, while I was engaged in prayer with him, he was sensible. He died, I hope, in the faith, and is now with Jesus. He was a devoted friend of the Free Church. We had many conversations about it, and were quite at one as to the necessity of the Church putting forth her strength in the event of a vacancy in the way I speak of, and though dead, he yet speaketh. He once proposed to give £1000 to bring out Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Candlish, and one or two others, just that the people here might learn to know with what great men we are associated, and also that our Church through these great men might learn to know something of their Indian field. This was a noble idea, and if money could be had, one that might very profitably be acted on; but in these days of small giving, I fear it is not to be thought of.'

Miller is the more free to leave, as he has secured a partner to whom he can entrust with implicit confidence the business which he had built up with many years of labour. We have seen that Dr. John Somerville has arrived; and the first impressions of pleasure in his colleague were more than confirmed after ten months' companionship in work. This professional and personal friendship continued cordial to the end,

unlike the previous partnership with his brother Alexander and Dr. Yuill, which ended in lawsuits, in which, however, arbitrators and judges gave it wholly in Miller's favour.

Dr. John Somerville was a son of Rev. Dr. Somerville, secretary to the Foreign Mission Scheme of the United Presbyterian Church. He was a graduate of Edinburgh University; equipped with a varied furniture of scientific industry; who regarded his profession with pride, and who, if he could, would see that quackery had a bad time of it; a man also of intellectual and moral relevances. He came fresh from college to Bombay. Sir James Simpson used to cheer medical graduates, facing the possibilities of life, with the Persian proverb, 'A hewn stone is never allowed to lie long on the road.' Somerville soon became a trusted physician, and gave tone to the business, but his health did not take well to the climate; who retired early from the

torrid belt of our world, and is now in practice in Dollar. He left the graves of some dear brothers and sisters, who had followed him in various capacities, on those burning shores, graves which solicit the resurrection.

Miller had much comfort in his partner, and appreciated his excellences of mind and heart, who had a quiet, unassuming manner, who gave conscientiousness to his work, and made himself a unit of usefulness, and not only a drudge of labour. His father held all the races and tribes of men in the embraces of a missionary heart, and about their fates and fortunes he had much sympathetic and scientific information; and from this Christian home in Edinburgh, instinct with the enthusiasm of humanity, the young medical graduate brought principle with him into life, and meant to shape his deeds to no mean issue, and to hear no distracting voices; a quietude like that of a lake in summer being in him, perhaps

also a touch of that melancholy which, where the nature is deep, is native to us in this world. Character is always a developing with us, and the probabilities of the future are incapable of prophetic treatment; but the presence of certain sure elements are an index to that future. A man who carries moral ideas into a material profession, who finds his work interesting, who leaves unheeded worldly solicitations, has the elements not only of the vulgar success of pecuniary hoard, but of a success which has an unearthly emphasis, approved by the Powers that rule the universe. There is also a harmony in a son of the Foreign Mission Secretary becoming the professional partner of a man who had the missionary work so near to his heart.

This period of change in Miller's life is synchronous with the great change which had passed over the whole face of the vast Indian continent of countries and nations in the agony of the Sepoy mutiny, and in a

baptism of blood and fire. The red tape of officialism had gone on its treadmill round like a blinded animal, seeing no need of any change of method, suspecting no danger, satisfied with its own dulness, deaf to the teachings of history. The policy of the East India Company was supposed to be final, and finality is ever the curse of our world. It does not occur to men or to nations, in theology or in politics, which are the two main factors in our world, that the movements of time create new aspects of thought, and require altered methods of statesmanship, and we retain the obsolete and the traditional. The great struggle was not felt in Bombay, except as the ground-swell of a storm far away; but the ground-swell would have swamped and swallowed up the fabric of society had Lord Elphinstone not been Governor and Mr. Charles Forjett, Commissioner of Police.

Lord Elphinstone was an experienced, sagacious statesman, who had the genius to

see that a successful administration requires subordinate posts and positions to be held by qualified lieutenants. A close caste of a civil and military service called 'covenanted,' formed largely of nepotisms, had ruled the traditions of the East India Company, and a few home families had acquired a large monopoly of the good things in the service. The chief of the police in Bombay was by tradition a military officer, in favour with the powers, for whom a staff position and good pay was found. Bombay was an increasingly rich city, and had become a nest of evil-doers. Gangs of ruffians made neither life nor property safe among the natives, and they had bribed the police into a condoning silence. Lord Elphinstone broke through the customs of the appointment, and called to the headship of the police a man whose sole claim to the high position was proved fitness. Charles Forjett had saved a province of some millions from an organized ruffianism by

an audacious energy, sheer love of duty and work, and the capacity of adapting means to ends. He had been for a few years at the head of the police in Bombay, and had already awed the lawless, and had acquired the character of a magistrate who was not to be trifled with.

The danger during the Mutiny was not from the peaceful people of India, but simply from the soldiery. It was the game of men who had arms in their hands, and were conscious of power, and who had been worked upon by leaders who wished to bring about a military rule which would be the Elysium of soldiery. This real origin of the revolt was not generally perceived by military Europeans, who had a blind confidence in the Sepoys, fostered, no doubt, by those kindly and sympathetic relations in which officers and men had lived so long. This fact was early impressed upon Mr. Forjett, and to his insight and discrimination we owe the

safety of Bombay. Three regiments of Sepoys, and only 300 European soldiers, composed the garrison of the city. Forjett kept a watchful eye on the Sepoys, and prepared for any emergency with his tried audacity. A saddled horse stood night and day in his stable to carry him swiftly to any spot where trouble might break out; and he wisely calculated much upon his personal presence. A trifling incident had inflamed the mutinous spirit of the soldiery, and five or six European officers, with drawn swords, were holding their men from breaking through the lines, when Mr. Forjett appeared on the scene. His dreaded vigilance, which had held them in check hitherto, now excited them. The European officers cried out, 'For God's sake, Mr. Forjett, go away; your presence is exciting them.' Forjett knew the native character, and remained motionless, looking death and them in the face, for it was a critical moment. In five minutes his European mounted

police, to the number of fifty, followed, when Forjett halted his men, ordered the gates of the barracks to be thrown open, and prepared for a charge. Fifty mounted Europeans, hastily drilled not long before, to charge a thousand disciplined soldiers with bayonets fixed! But Forjett was capable of any act of daring, and he fairly cowed the soldiers into subjection. The daring of this act saved Bombay, and saved untold disasters. A massacre of the European residents had been planned as the news of the massacre of Delhi and Cawnpore reached Bombay. The successful disloyalty of a regiment in Bombay would have been the signal of a rising throughout the Bombay army. The story of Miller's life had been very short if the Sepoy spirit had not been overborne by the presence of such a man. Miller and Forjett are old friends.

Every period of Miller's life finds him in active relation to some new philanthropy;

he has a hand ever willing to help to reduce to order the confusions of the world. His sympathy can be reckoned upon; the organizer of benevolence finds in him an unfailing auxiliary. An orphanage for the sons of Presbyterians was started in 1857 by the joint action of the Established and Free Churches. Miller is one of the select band of sympathetic promoters who is present at the first meeting when the scheme is launched; he is always in the early councils of these schemes before they take shape, the promoters going to him as to one whose ear was ever open. This orphanage grew, enlarged, and has been ever since on the sure basis of demand and supply—supplying a real place in human needs, demanded by the misery and mystery of our world.

A still larger mission was in the councils of the faithful at this time, and Miller may be said to be the prime mover in it. Half a dozen rills claim to be the sources of a

great river, and it may be difficult to decide, high up in the moor, which is the principal feeder; all have equal honour. A portion of Miller's practice lay in the harbour of Bombay, where 125 ships on an average, principally of heavy tonnage, are at anchor all the year round—British ships, mainly manned by British sailors, making a floating population of three thousand souls. Every morning he went the round of his ships, and the spiritual needs of the men would often be in his thoughts, and he would talk the subject over with serious captains. He had planned occasional services on board a ship, but something more specific was needed, an agency which would make their souls its special charge, and see that the heavenly in man was rightly nourished and superintended. The light of duty flashes all manner of lights on our path, and great is the man who follows that light. A mariners' church and a harbour missionary were the only just expression of duty here.

Drs. Miller and Somerville bought a hulk and fitted it up for a church at their own expense, and thus one point was gained, expediting and anticipating the action of the committee, who afterwards purchased it from them. This scheme, begun in 1857, took definite shape in 1858. Mr. Rosie, a licentiate of the United Presbyterian Church, was selected for the place, and no fitter person could have been got. To few men has it been given in a short life to found and organize a special missionary work on so large a scale as Mr. Rosie. He founded coast missions from Northumberland to Caithness, and on the western coast for the Highlands and Islands. The Northumberland Mission, the Union Coast Mission, the Scottish Coast Mission, the North-East Coast Mission, and the West Coast Mission, are vigorous missions that still live in the sympathies of the Church and of the seafarer for whom they were begun; and Mr. Rosie was their originator. This

man, at the age of thirty-three, goes out in 1859 to organize the harbour mission of Bombay. Mr. Dodds of Dunbar, the biographer of Mr. Rosie, thus writes of his arrival in Bombay: 'On reaching Bombay, Mr. Rosie was most cordially received and welcomed by Drs. Miller and Somerville, both of whom had always taken a deep interest in the harbour mission, and were acting as its joint secretaries. He passed his first fortnight in India in the house of Dr. Miller, who showed him, to use his own words, "the greatest kindness and respect."' He was married in 1860 in Dr. Miller's house, as mentioned by Mr. Dodds: 'The marriage took place in the hospitable house of Dr. H. Miller, a Christian gentleman who, from first to last, loaded both the bridegroom and the bride with acts of truest kindness.' The house in Rampart Row was a house where true workmen found a home and a welcome. In the first report of the Bombay Harbour Mission Union,

the services of Dr. Miller were thus acknowledged :—

'The Bombay Harbour Mission has many valuable friends, but there are certain parties whose interest and services merit special and public acknowledgment. The members and friends of the society are under the highest obligation to Drs. Miller and Somerville for the large share they have taken in the work of bringing the movement to its present position and prospects, for the excellent arrangements they made in regard to the Mariners' Church, and specially to Dr. Miller for the munificent donation of 500 rupees towards the purchase of the vessel.'

The passion to help young men struggling in the world is always active. He never misses a good opportunity of doing some service of this kind. The following letter was handed by him to a young man going home to study, whose means may fail him. The money was never drawn, but the gift is all the same, and the goodness of it :—

'You are hereby authorized to draw on me while in Scotland, should your circumstances require it, the sum of fifty pounds sterling, at one month's sight, in one or two bills, to suit your convenience.—Believe me, yours sincerely, H. MILLER.'

In April 1860, Miller and his wife took their furlough home, and the long-wished-for holiday begins. It is a holiday only: the future is undetermined. The members of the Native Free Church, however, took the occasion of presenting him with a Family Bible and an address, in which his relation to that small and interesting community is vividly set forth :—

'To H. MILLER, Esq., M.D.

'SIR,—We, the Members of the Native Free Church, Bombay, deem it our bounden duty to convey to you an expression of our esteem and gratitude on the occasion of your departure for your native country.

'It is now, sir, full nineteen years since you landed in Bombay, and during this long period of uninterrupted residence among us, you have proved yourself a warm friend of the Mission cause in India. Your personal knowledge of the character and state of the native community, conjoined with the last command of the Saviour, have led you to desire ardently the propagation of the truth as it is in Jesus. And you have ever stood by those who were engaged in this blessed but arduous work. You never failed to strengthen their hands and encourage their hearts. The services rendered by you to the Mission with which we are connected have been great and

numerous. We cannot enumerate them here, but content ourselves with this general statement, that you have extended to it your fullest sympathy in all the trials and joys which befell it during your sojourn in India.

'As a member of its Financial Board and the Institution Building Committee, you shrank not from giving your valuable counsels, and assuming in common with others responsibility connected with its pecuniary affairs. On several occasions by your personal influence and exertion, you have in various ways greatly relieved the minds of our missionaries, and helped them to go on with their work of faith and labour of love. Your contributions also to carry on the operations of the Mission have been liberal; and we here cannot help noticing the scholarship you founded in our Institution on the occasion of the last examination at which you presided.

'But, sir, it is in your capacity as a Christian physician that you have laid the Members of the Bombay Native Free Church under the greatest obligations. Whenever it pleased God to afflict any of us with sickness, and we sought the benefit of your professional aid, that aid was cheerfully rendered by you. By day and by night you visited our humble abodes, and did everything in your power to allay suffering. You came amongst us not simply as a physician, but also as a sympathizing and generous friend. For these acts of yours, we feel most grateful to you, and the only return we can make is to pray that the Lord Himself may richly reward you for them.

Assuredly will the righteous judge of all say to you, "I was sick, and ye visited me." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

'But, sir, we will not be doing justice to our feelings on this occasion were we to conclude this brief address without noticing even in a sentence the labour of love of your beloved partner. Deeply interested in the cause of the Redeemer in this country, she has in her quiet way ever worked to promote that cause. She has been the means of imparting the knowledge of the blessed Gospel to many a one in this island, both by her personal exertions, and by giving facilities to those engaged in this work. The baptisms that have taken place from among your domestics, and many other things that we could mention, show that her labours have been extensive, and that they have not been in vain. A Christian friend once expressed the sentiment of many a heart when he said, out of the Mission circle he did not know any other lady that laboured so much for the good of others as Mrs. Miller. We shall never forget the many acts of kindness and sympathy we uniformly received from her. In sickness and distress she visited our families and comforted our hearts. By these things she has endeared herself to us, and we shall always cherish her memory with much affection and gratitude.

'In conclusion, allow us to beg you and Mrs. Miller to accept a copy of the Bible and Cowper's Works as tokens of our sincere respect and love. We now bid

you farewell. May the God of grace be with you. May He take you in peace and safety to your native country. May He grant you a happy meeting with those friends from whom you have been so long separated; and may He, if it please Him, bring you both back among us in renewed health and strength.

'BOMBAY, *9th April* 1860.'

CHAPTER XIII.

1860–1864.

A CHAPTER OF HOLIDAYS—RETURN TO BOMBAY—FINAL DEPARTURE.

'*It is a mistake to suppose that on the floor of Parliament greater service can always be rendered than can be given in a man's native town. There is a path of usefulness of a very high character which is open to all our common citizenship; and in every town in this country, I am happy to believe, there is some man eminently so,—many men more or less so,—whose great object it is in his daily work among his fellows to promote every kind of good amongst the poorest classes of the community.*

. . . . . .

'*I recollect that Benjamin Franklin, of whom most of you must have heard, said (in some letter, I think) that one of the things which had influenced him in his life, having read it when he was young, was an extract from a little book called "Essays on Doing Good," by a then and aforetime a very celebrated New England clergyman. This New England clergyman said, "I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than on any other kind of reputation." Franklin said that passage made a great impression on his mind, and during his life, if he had sought for any reputation, it was that to which these lines referred, namely, the reputation of a doer of good.*' RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT.

THIS is the holiday period, after twenty years of continuous toil, well earned and well spent, the beginning of a permanent retirement and of the afternoon of life. Miller arrived in time for the Assembly, and sat as a member. The summer he spent partly on the Gareloch of the Clyde, among his wife's friends, where his father-in-law had retired to a villa called Stuckenduff, and partly in Ayrshire, his own native county. The family circle is of course reduced; time never fails to make a history of the dead. His mother is gone; his brother Alexander is gone. John, who had the farm of Busbyhead, in the parish of Stewarton, had died in tragic circumstances twenty

years ago. He was thrown out of his gig while on his way to Glasgow to bid Hugh goodbye on his starting for Bombay. Strange are the fates and allotments of men. One brother of a family dies on the road of affection, and finishes a short life, while another is beginning a long career. Who can understand the profound ground plan of human lives, constructed evidently to startle us out of our lethargies, that we may think of the originality of our being, and the divine thoughts higher than our thoughts, and see the things which lie in the heart of the universe.

The winter was spent in taking classes at the University of Glasgow to complete the attendance which would be required for the degree of M.D. Hitherto his diploma was from the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons. In the hurry to get on the way the degree was not obtained. Means very limited then, the quickest and shortest way into qualification was taken;

no time for delay; swift equipment as heaven had ordained. He qualified himself through the winter and took M.D., and was elected also Fellow of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons.

A domestic movement is now made to brighten their home by the presence of youthfulness. They have no child; good blood not allowed to be transmitted, arrested in the mystery of being, when so much bad blood finds transmission of the dissipated and criminal classes. The finest blood in this world is not allowed transmission. Lord Clyde, Lord Macaulay, Lord Beaconsfield, Carlyle, Dean Stanley, peers in war, literature, politics and theology, have died childless in our own day. Human life and this world have their lines extended into the far infinite, and we cannot discern their meanings, and must wait for the disclosures of the future.

At Stuckenduff, in the household of Mr. Taylor,—Mrs. Miller's father,—are

two interesting girls, grand-daughters and orphans. Mary Taylor was an elder sister of Mrs. Miller, and was married to John Hendry, a clothier of Glasgow, a good, respectable, worthy workman, but who belonged to that large majority of God's creatures to whom it is not given to make much of the outer world, because it is the primal purpose that we realize vividly that we are here for spiritual acquisitions, and that we be not distracted from the primary intentions of being by the show of the material. Mrs. Hendry fell a victim to the epidemic of cholera in 1849. She was one of those women who are born to suffering, to whom sisters look up, who love with a forgetfulness of self, who battle cheerfully with difficulties, who live lives of self-repression, and whose hidden worth adds to the stock of the world's good from which others draw. The husband died not long after. The two children of this marriage, Joanna and Agnes, became

the loved charge of the grandfather, and whose sunny childhood was the light of the villa on the Gareloch.

Mrs. Miller wrote from Bombay on the 12th May 1849 to her brother, Mr. William Taylor, about her motherless nieces, in this strain, 'I often think of the two dear little motherless children, Joanna and Agnes. I have a great desire to adopt the latter one and be a mother to her, and if I were living at home, I should much like to have them with me. Do write and let me know all about them, I feel so interested in the little ones.' This yearning of heart towards Agnes finds practical expression in 1860, when she is adopted into the family and becomes Miss Miller, in whom Dr. and Mrs. Miller had every comfort, and who became their filial and affectionate companion in Broomfield till her marriage in 1870.

Miller had not the keen and racy faculties which make luminous speeches.

He is now often asked to take part in public meetings of various kinds. He writes out what he has to say, and there is good common sense, and practical and sympathetic commonplace in what he says. He addressed a meeting in Edinburgh on behalf of sailors, in which he told the story of the Bombay Harbour Mission, and its bereavement in the loss of Mr. Rosie, its first chief:—

'MR. CHAIRMAN,—It is not to be supposed that you will rest satisfied with the efforts made in your own neighbourhood, or even in Scotland, however well these may be conducted.

'The field is the world. I believe less has yet been done by the Christian Church for the sailors than for any other class of our fellow-men, and one is led to ask the reason why this should be so. Are not the sailors our brethren of mankind, and have they not souls to be saved and lost? If we cannot all go and speak to them, we can give as God has prospered us, that others should do so, and we can pray for success to them in their work, that they may get a hearing. Sailors are our countrymen, and shall we allow them to leave our shores for a foreign land without some token of our regard for their

spiritual welfare, some tangible proof that we care for them and how deeply concerned we are; that a haven of rest, a security from the winds and the waves of time, even a glorious entrance should at last be administered to them on the shores of a better land, when all the stormy voyages of this life are ended?

'If we have got wealth, have not the sailors in a great many instances been the means of securing it, or of safely transporting it home to us? If we have peace in this the happy land of our fathers, is it not to our *wooden walls* that we are mainly indebted for it all? and with due respect to our newly formed legions of volunteers, I should still be inclined, in the event of another struggle with a foreign enemy, to depend more on the nerve and muscle of our British sailors in guard of our rock-bound coast, than on any internal means of defence, however powerful that might be. . . . Seeing then how much we have been and may yet be dependent on the sailors for our temporal comforts, let us at least show our gratitude by ministering to them and those dear to them in spiritual things; and if we are anxious for the universal diffusion of Christianity to the end of the earth, let us convert the sailors, and none will be more ready, as none can have so good opportunities, of carrying the gospel thither.

'I said little has yet been done, though I believe at nearly all the foreign ports of any importance there is now some attempt made by missionaries and others to offer the gospel for the acceptance of the sailor, and this is the sphere for which the labours of your

society are so likely, I think, to be a training school for young men.'

He concludes with an appeal for an agent who will take the place of Mr. Rosie :—

'The Mission has lost an able and devoted agent, and that field, though large and promising, is yet vacant, without a labourer. Will any of those now present, following Mr. Rosie's footsteps, not be willing to step in? Let me, in the words of the resolution, strongly urge on the friends of the Mission the importance of deepened interest and enlarged prayer for the divine blessing on this and every similar movement.'

A continental tour is made in the autumn of 1861 to Antwerp, Frankfort, Zurich, St. Gothard, Berne, Chamouni, Lyons, Bordeaux, Paris, and home again.

Early in 1863 he is on his way to Ceylon, and after a few weeks in Ceylon he is in Bombay and begins practice again, with a future somewhat unsettled, but with the migratory feelings strong in him. In 1863 he writes in his diary, on the 6th March :—

'It is a year to-day since my return to Bombay, and I desire to record my great thankfulness to the Giver of all good things for the difficulties He has brought me out of, and the benefits conferred on me since then, and I desire to go forward, trusting that all things shall work together for His glory and my good in the year I have entered upon, and that (*D. V.*) I may be enabled within another year to return to my native country and my family in peace.'

Mrs. Miller is at home superintending the education of Miss Miller, and very actively engaged in missions and philanthropies. Infirmaries, prisons, asylums, were regularly visited by her; indeed the larger portion of her time was devoted to benevolence. The good that is done by quiet workers in obscure ways is incalculable, and Mrs. Miller is an accessible example to us. She is not a woman of superior endowments, such as have made romances of service. She is a domestic character of humble gifts, who found pleasure in Christian work, and in those sympathetic visits and services which

lighten the darkness of this world's sufferers and cheer their solitudes. She did this work in Bombay, as the farewell address of the native Church so prominently notices. She is doing the same in Glasgow. The name of one in a hundred thousand of workers is not transmitted to posterity, and it is few who are made on such a scale as to become historic characters. But the world's work is done by unhistoric characters, occasionally rescued from oblivion, like Ruth of Bible story, in deeds which have no thrill of interest, but which have sent rays of light into shaded hearts, dwelling in the hidden nooks of a sad world. Every good life and every obscure service rendered to man adds to the fund of the world's moral forces, helping men into strength and comfort, giving them just conceptions of God, and furnishing the medium in which the Invisible is discerned by souls. We shall not all become great, but we

can become what is better and more influential, we can be good, and do those lowly services which shall add to the good of the world, and help our neighbours to live this difficult life. The archives of heaven keep the chronicles of such lives; other chronicles are kept on earth.

While Mrs. Miller is so employed in Glasgow, Dr. Miller is collecting himself for the final quitting of the shores of Bombay. He is calling in his goods, arranging his affairs, and preparing himself for the inevitable departure, two years after his landing. A meeting of native and European friends is called to give him an address and to present him with a service of plate which, as reported in the *Times of India*, I give. In this address his professional efficiency and social worth are noticed, as in the previous address his missionary services and sympathies.

TESTIMONIAL TO DR. HUGH MILLER.

A Meeting of the native friends of Dr. Miller was held on Saturday afternoon at the residence of Culliandass Mohundass, Esq., at which the Hon. Jugonath Sunkersett presided. A number of European gentlemen also attended. The chairman, after a few very appropriate introductory remarks, read the following address to Dr. Miller:—

'To HUGH MILLER, Esq., M.D., Fellow of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, etc. etc.

'DEAR SIR,—Having heard that it is your intention shortly to leave India, we cannot permit you to depart to your native land without taking the opportunity of bearing our cordial testimony to your worth and philanthropy.

'Some of us have known you since your first arrival in this country about twenty-two years ago—others of us have been acquainted with you for shorter periods—but one and all of us can sincerely testify to your uniformly kind and generous disposition, and to your great skill in your profession, especially in reference to the diseases of females and children, as evidenced in numerous cases in which we have had reason to be grateful for your medical and surgical aid.

'We are fully sensible how much the poor and indigent are indebted to your kind help; you have ever been ready to the call of even the humblest families, and have exerted your best endeavours to

alleviate the afflictions of your suffering fellow-men without reference to their ability, or otherwise to remunerate you for your services. We know that with you all this has been a "labour of love." To the poor your departure will be a great loss, but deeds such as we have inadequately adverted to will long live in our memory and grateful regard.

'We have endeavoured thus briefly to give expression to the sincerity of the feelings which dictate this address, which we have refrained from lengthening out from a conviction that you will be assured that in making it, we have only given vent to the sincere emotions of our hearts. Suffice it therefore to say, that as a token of our gratitude and respect, we beg your acceptance of a service of plate of the value of five thousand rupees, which we have taken steps to have delivered to you in England by our friend, Robert Angus, Esq.

'We earnestly trust that many years of usefulness await you in your native land; and wishing yourself and family all the happiness this world can give, we remain, etc.'

This address was signed by upwards of 150 native and European gentlemen. Among the former were the Hon. Mr. Sunkersett, Hon. Rustomjee Jamsetjee, His Highness Aga Khan, Mr. Culliandass Mohundass, and many other highly influential names.

Dr. Miller replied as follows:—

'GENTLEMEN AND DEAR FRIENDS,—I cannot

adequately express the feeling of pleasure and gratification with which I have received this very kind and complimentary address that you have presented to me, on this the eve of my departure to my native land. It brings forcibly to my mind the many years of happy intercourse which I have held with friends from whom I am so soon to part. Very pleasing is it to reflect on the uniform courtesy with which, during so long a time, you have treated me, and on the full confidence which you have reposed in me as your medical adviser. Most thankfully do I accept your testimony, that my efforts to serve you and your families have not been in vain. You have, I am sensible, overrated the value of the good I have been instrumental in accomplishing. I have indeed endeavoured faithfully to fulfil the duties of my responsible profession, and I am very happy to have from you the assurance that my humble efforts have, through the blessing of God, been useful in alleviating suffering and removing disease. While I have sought to be a friend to those who could give me no pecuniary remuneration, I am at the same time bound to acknowledge, that the aid which I have rendered to you, you have ever been prompt in requiting handsomely. To your generous appreciation of my services, it is largely owing, that, after nearly twenty-three years of laborious application to my calling, I am enabled to leave India with a competency, in order to spend the decline of life with my family in the land of my fathers. Any further recognition of these services I did not expect at your hands, and

your affectionate farewell address and munificent presentation are a spontaneous expression of friendship and esteem which I was quite unprepared to receive. From the bottom of my heart I thank you, gentlemen, for such a signal proof of your goodwill and sympathy. Your testimonial will remain with me as a precious memorial of valued friends in India, and will serve to render you, though separated, yet not forgotten. Allow me, in conclusion, to congratulate you all on the prosperous circumstances in which I leave you. I rejoice in the high measure of success with which your well-applied industry and enterprise, in these days of unprecedented excitement, have been rewarded. Native merchants of Bombay maintain a very high position in the commercial world, and you, my friends, are honourably distinguished among the citizens of our island. I most cordially reciprocate your good wishes for the future welfare of myself and family. May Almighty God make you and yours happy in this world, and bless you with life everlasting.'

Dr. Campbell proposed a vote of thanks to the host, which was carried by acclamation, for the suitable arrangements he had made for the meeting. Nosegays and *pan soparees* were then distributed, after which the meeting dispersed.

Thanks were voted to the Honourable Chairman and Mr. Culliandass Mohundass; and after a cordial farewell to Dr. Miller by many who do not expect to see him again in this world, the meeting separated.—*Times of India, Jany.* 14, 1864.

CHAPTER XIV.

1865–1872.

THE GARELOCH AND BROOMFIELD—COMMERCIAL BANK OF INDIA AND FINANCIAL AGONY—HOME LIFE AND CHURCH LIFE AT BROOMFIELD—MARRIAGE OF MISS MILLER.

'O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills. . . .
. . . . . That time is past.
. . . . . For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows, and the woods,
And mountains.'

WORDSWORTH.

THE Gareloch is an arm of the sea, about three miles from Helensburgh, on the north side of the Clyde. It has narrowly missed being a fresh-water lake; the promontory of Row juts out towards the promontory of Roseneath on the western side, leaving a narrow passage, scarcely 200 yards wide, by which the tides pour into the loch, with a swift current moving from three to four miles an hour. It is six miles long; or, as it might be said, six miles short, as the word 'Gare' in Gaelic means short. It is so deep that the largest ships can ride into it; and it is a continuous resort of iron ships and steamers, who go up to the head of the loch to verify their compasses.

It is encircled with hills, protected from all winds, and makes a land-locked sheet of water, affording that stillness which is required to correct the variations of the compass. It thus serves a special function on the Clyde; and this compass adjustment gives a movement to the solitude of its Highland quietness.

The spot is a condensed loveliness. Mountain and hill, and water, and wood and promontory, every outline, colour, and form which please the eye, compete to make this one of nature's loveliest pictures. It has naturally attracted the wealth of Glasgow, and is dotted with villas and mansions for its whole length; the marsh has been drained and the moor vanquished, and shrubberies of evergreens, and lawns and plantations, and orchards, and greenhouses, and vineries have taken their place. Man and his education were provided for in the original convulsions of nature, tens of thousands of years ago,

that his wealth may not materialize him, and that in his wealth he may have nature lifting him and speaking to him of the distant and the unknown, which are the suggestions which come from the beauty of those curve forms and quivering colours visible in the outer aspects of our world. It was in the epoch when the internal fires of the earth were unusually active, and expanded matter, finding no room below, made a passage to the surface, that those troughs and cracks were created which have become the broad channels of estuaries and the deep bottoms of lakes. In that era of eruptive activity, after the coal age, the east and west coasts of Scotland got their lines of coast, and some of those depressions which now make her lovely fresh and salt water lochs; the ploughing of the later glacial age, and the sculpturing of winds and water giving the last touches to the landscapes as they now appear.

The useful and the picturesque were got by fiery convulsions and frigid cuttings, as if a hundred thousand years ago the commerce of the Clyde was thought of and looked after, as if whole ages were devoted to produce the beauty by which to educate man. Strange and beautiful is the mystery of our being in the world!

As you get on the shores of the Gareloch from the hamlet of Row you will see an abutment of low land a mile off, concealing the upper portion of the loch. On this abutment is situated Broomfield —a field of wild brooms in the morass age. It is a mansion, with an adjacency of eight acres of land. This property was bought by Dr. Miller in 1865; the old house was taken down and a modern house erected upon it, which becomes the abode of the Millers for the remainder of their lives. It commands as lovely a view as there is on the Gareloch, and as man could wish to see. On the south,

over the wooded promontories of Row and Roseneath, on to the distant line of Renfrew hills, and the parish church of Row, with its circular tower peering above a cluster of old, tall sycamores, which hide the body of the church, but allow the graceful tower to rise above them,—a landscape on which the eye rests with an unwearying and an unfamiliarized delight, which looks different in different lights, and has different values in varying shades and weathers. To the north-west is a mountain landscape. The rounded hills of Ardentinny and Loch Goil; the jagged, fissured, shattered outcrop of chlorite slate which makes the long sky-line of hills known in irony as Argyle's Bowling-green, which fills the northern horizon, the green chlorite of which gives the distant purple and grey to the landscape in summer, which becomes a snowy Alpine view in winter, and on which the eye looks as into the secrets and won-

ders of the skies, and the far-off of our being.

On this spot the Millers spend the evening of their life. The mansion of Broomfield is a long distance from the croft cottage of Gallowayford, with its 'but' and 'ben,' in the homely Scotch dialect, the *be out* and the *be in*, the one the kitchen, and the other the parlour, which exhaust the cottar's accommodation, when you go out of the one and into the other, as all the space you have. Here the Ayrshire wanderer finds rest. Mrs. Miller has been home more than once, and seen the old country and her friends. Dr. Miller has for twenty years looked upon other configurations of hills, and other tree forms and woods, and colours and skies. And now he returns to the daisied meadows and lawns of snowdrop, the slate hills, and the heathery moor, and the sphagnum moss. He has been spared to return, while hundreds who

seek their fortunes in foreign lands find their graves there, and see not the goal of a return home and of a leisured plenty or competency. To a thoughtful man this of itself is an impressive thought, loaded with thankfulness and gratitude, appealing to the best and highest in him, calling him to the service of God and man, and a loyalty to the tasks appointed to him here below.

He enters upon the estate of Broomfield with even a more striking lesson into the value and tenure of earthly good, learnt as by fire from a special event which threatened financial disaster to him, and brought it very near to him.

In 1862 the Government of Washington decreed the abolition of slavery. This at once transferred the cotton market of the world from the Carolinas to Central India, and Bombay became the emporium of the raw material, and its relations to Lancashire of immense value. Previous to

this year the export and import trade of Bombay was 40 millions a year. The revolt of the Southern States doubled it, and this means that there poured into Bombay a trade equal to that of Calcutta and the whole East Coast of India and Burmah combined. An unprecedented prosperity such as this is dizzying to the human brain. In 1864 speculations began, and adventures of all kinds, and in 1865 they became a mania, and few cool heads were to be found on the island. The maddest of schemes were projected by capitalists, and money found for them. The brains of all men were turned into shares; shares inscribed within and without on the convolutions. Reclamations of land were the Eldorados of this insanity. To reclaim the foreshore of a shallow and picturesque bay whose fringe was a dense cocoa-nut forest, but which was nearly dry on the ebb of the tide, which could only be used by fishing craft, and

which could possibly yield no return, was one great glittering bubble scheme. A collapse was inevitable, and soon all the landmarks of legitimate business were abolished in a deluge of bankruptcies, old houses failing for two and three millions of money. Bubble after bubble burst. The Bank of Bombay was only held up by the whole support of Government. In 1866, Barned's Bank of Liverpool, Overend, Gurney, & Co. of London, the Agra and Masterman's Bank, and the Commercial Bank of India, were wrecked in the insanities of this commercial tempest. Eighty millions of money which were received for cotton in Bombay in four years were as good as thrown into the bottom of the sea by these reclamation schemes, and other barren and abortive undertakings.

Miller had the largest portion of his money in the Commercial Bank, which was considered a very sound business, and

in the management of which his friend David M'Culloch, already mentioned, had left the impress of his commercial genius and tried sagacities. Ruin stared Miller in the face, and the blasting of the hopes of a lifetime. The campaign in America has its issues everywhere, and makes misery for a human life on the shores of the Gareloch. I well recollect seeing him at Broomfield in these anxious days, pale, sleepless, agitated, overshadowed by the cold probabilities of the labour of twenty years undone. There was nothing for him but to sell Broomfield and to return to Bombay to begin life again, and he was buckling on for this hard emergency as a true soul submissive to Heaven's decrees. But the affairs of the bank turned out better than was expected, and he escaped with the loss of only £4000, the bank having paid 18s. 6d. in the £. David M'Culloch's hand was visible here also, in the soundness of the business and

unparalleled disasters all round. This is a crucial experience, a crisis in life which radiates light from centre to circumference, giving saliency to thankfulness, relating us to the kindnesses in the Universe, calling us to trust and cheerfulness, to work and service for God. It illuminates thought, stirs emotion, and gives perceptions which are never lost. From this great convulsion and greater surprise, he begins life at Broomfield, a sadder, wiser, and finer man, with insight into the substance and realities of things.

The winter of 1864 and 1865 was spent in Florence, with his family, and April in a tour of the Italian cities, on his way home. In Florence he made the acquaintance of the Waldensian Church, which awoke a new chord of sympathy, responsive from that time to that historic community, which he also remembered in his will.

We have a space of seven years to fill in; and it is filled in with the details of

a family life and an uneventful perseverance in good and quiet work in the parish of Row, and overflowing into other parishes, for our parishes touch one another, and the parochial stretches into the imperial. The summer of these years went rapidly enough; the winters lingered long on hill and wood for them who had been accustomed for twenty years to the evergreen foliage, and cloudless skies, and warm suns of the tropics. There was room at Broomfield for memory to move freely among the past, and there was scope for goodwill to do much. We can incorporate in ourselves those powers and affections which attract goodness and the aspirations after it. We can make life less difficult for those who are thrown in our way; we can mitigate the harsh conditions around us; we can help to construct finer paths for human souls through the thorny thickets and bouldery moors of the world. We glorify all sorts

of distant heroisms; we like to see the romance of the centuries behind us. But men of moderate abilities, with fine sympathies and ardours, can bring into their lives all the elements of heroism and romance, except the appearance of them. We can feel the stringency of our place in the world, and we can be earnest.

Miller has no relations with literature, science, and politics. To him was not given the task to vivify the traditions of our theology, or to help men to move into the newer perspective of God's world and human life which is opening before us, though he belonged to the school of progress. His life sphere is Christian work and service, and on lines made for him, and along which he has for many years walked. He has no perplexity to find work; the problem how to strike some chord of music out of work has been long ago solved. Our interest in life need never flag; no pressure of weariness and mono-

tony should extract complaint for us. There are channels cut for us into which a true man can pour the varied energies of a consecrated industry. Our country has institutions, and the church has commissions, which can give full employment to every willing worker. The book of Ruth, in the canon of Scripture, is the story of yeomen lives in Judea, of rustic worth, and pastoral incidents, and family adversities and prosperities; and we understand that monographs such as this of Ruth are needed for the teaching of the world.

There is Home Life, which is the basis of a nation's structure. How much it is in this world to be good husbands and parents, friendly and unforgetting brothers, generous uncles, is seldom realized. The family links us to the organic life below us, and to the divine life above us. At Stuckenduff is Mr. Taylor, the patriarch of the family, feeling the infirmities of age, around whom collects an anxious interest and the

memories of eighty-eight years. In Glasgow is the large, interesting, united family of Mr. William Taylor, with which there exist very dear and tender attachments. His eldest brother, Mr. James Miller, once the laird of Gallowford, and the farmer of Grange House, Maybole, is settled in Helensburgh, who once took the younger children under his wing. He has had a chequered career, and borne adversity with resignation and hope, conscious of integrity and honest purpose, now in his seventy-fifth year, with whom a close intimacy is maintained. Other centres of family connections, from both sides of the house, are not far off. Mr. Green, whom I have quoted above, has well said, who had made English history a special study :—

'What seems to grow fairer to me, as life goes by, is the love and grace and tenderness of it; not the wit and cleverness and grandeur of knowledge—grand as knowledge is—but just the laughter of little children and the friendship of friends and the cosy

talk by the fireside, and the sight of flowers and the sound of music.'

He is elder first in the Shandon Free Church with the Rev. A. M'Callum, and then in the West Church, Helensburgh, with the Rev. A. Anderson. He is Justice of Peace for the county of Dumbarton. He makes neither civil righteousness nor spiritual righteousness a sinecure office, as is his manner. Congregational life and county life give him some occupation.

Church life has always had a keen interest for him, and into the larger church life now open to him he throws himself with rare diligence and ardour. The Church cultivates all the fields of human nature, and gives to all its members varied departments of sympathy and action, and there is no excuse for inaction in the Christian Church. The missionary life of the Church is organized into committees, which committees are the medium of communication to the most distant parts of the land

and of the world. Miller is on the Committee of the Sustentation Fund, Home Mission, and the Colleges, within our own borders; and on the Continental and Foreign Mission schemes, spreading over Europe, Asia, and Africa. He was punctilious in his attention to the manifold duties of these committees, and conscientiously regular in his monthly attendance at their meetings. No perfunctory or ornamental routine this, but work and toil, in which both duty and interest blent together to make a happy workman. He was qualified by experience, by sympathy, by enthusiasm for human nature, by methodical habits, to do good service. He goes in all weathers, and in all states of health, to the ecclesiastical city of Edinburgh. He mastered the details of the missionary undertakings, and holds the thread of their business in his hand. He goes as a deputy from the committees to presbyteries; he visits congregations where associations for

Foreign Missions do not exist. He goes in the interest of Foreign Mission manses to raise funds. He addresses congregations, at the instance of the central committee, to excite interest in the mission of Livingstonia. In 1872 he is one of a commission to the Presbytery of Dumfries in the interests of the Sustentation Fund; on the same errand he visits the Presbytery of Dunkeld with Dr. Whyte of St. George's, Edinburgh. The speeches he gave on the Indian Manse Building Scheme and the Sustentation Fund I have, but from them even extracts cannot be now given. The Rev. G. Laurie thus writes of his work in the Presbytery of Dumfries :—

'His interview with our Deacons' Court was singularly pleasant and agreeable. We all felt that we rarely met with such a sympathizing, gentle, and wise counsellor. His visit had the effect of stirring our office-bearers to greater activity, and thus told sensibly on the liberality of the whole congregation.

'As for myself personally, I experienced much kindness, and he manifested great interest in my

work. Very few persons have left on my memory so decidedly the impression of an earnest Christian gentleman as did Dr. Hugh Miller during his short visit to Dumfries; and I know that this was the feeling of all the ministers in the presbytery.'

As all along, so now, he has some young lives in hand, whose course he directs, whose character he tries to model, whom he helps with money to get a foothold in life, and over whose career he watches with an anxious correspondence. An unfortunate child, a poor relative, a young man baptized with his name, another far from his parents, and such-like youthfulness, are cast on his care by Providence, and he takes the trouble to superintend their upbringing and start in the world, and career therein.

So the weeks and the years go; so the tenses of time are fulfilled; so the calm evening of the years is running its course. No leisure for him; no leisure for any one who wishes to keep alive. We must be ever getting, ever giving. The seasons, in

the tender greeneries of spring and deeper colourings of autumn, are contributing deposits of thought and outlooks of the future. Hill and loch and sunset are giving mute teachings. Human life and church life and family incidents are making other layers of structure; Bible readings, missionary activities, benevolences, are making visible the far horizons. The ruling direction is the same as when, thirty years ago, he was teaching in Dr. Buchanan's Sabbath school; the same enthusiasm which is visible in his missionary sympathies in Bombay; life speaking the same dialect. This is the medium in which his future life is to take shape; these are the materials which weave themselves into the fabric of being.

Then there comes a spring-time in the house, and the bloom of human affections, and the opening buds in the creases of their petals. Miss Miller—Agnes of the family—has developed in the aims, pur-

poses, congenialities of her adopted parents. She is a like-minded child, a pleasure in the house, in sympathy with the aspirations of the family, a helper in the good attempted at Broomfield. And she is engaged to be married. Those fine magnetisms by which the poles of human souls draw towards one another have been awakened. We have to thank God that He has made us male and female, and that this law of our being is in His own image, by which so much tenderness, sweetness, pathos are stirred in our being and collect in the world, and by which a responsiveness is found which, in a hundred forms, is the deepest law of our nature. The glad bridal inspirations make us interesting on earth, and in this interest we see that their original is in heaven. We feel the fairer and the better things which belong to us; we see the soul of good that is in us, and how the good may prevail over the soul by a trust and love in God, which is a higher form of the same

confidences we give to each other. Our hearts have a price, and the price can be paid only by another who gives himself to our happiness and for our good. There is an awe in nearness to marriage; a sanctuary in its presence, and the vision of unseen capabilities. Its sacred dynamics breaks the routines and reserves of life, and gives speech and sacrament to the spirit of love. These are now elements working in the family at Broomfield of which Miss Miller is the centre.

On the 6th September 1870, Miss Miller is married to the Rev. John Steel, minister of the Free Church at Kirkintilloch. Mr. Steel is a young minister of much promise, who began his work in a large congregation, successful in every way, maintaining and increasing the efficiency of an influential charge; beloved, active, cordial in labour, aspiring. Later on he fulfilled the earlier promises and was called to one of the largest congregations in Glasgow, as

colleague to the Rev. Dr. Edwards, the first Free Church minister elected by a U.P. congregation after the passing of the Mutual Eligibility Act, which congregation is now wholly on his hands. The marriage was solemnized by the Rev. Dr. Wilson of Bombay, now home as Moderator of the General Assembly, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Robert Buchanan of Glasgow—a happy and an unexpected meeting, on a bright occasion, after the circlings of thirty-five years, when the orbits of the three had taken curves which did not promise such a meeting again. Buchanan is the minister who directed Miller's spiritual life thirty-five years ago, when he was practising in Glasgow; Wilson had been his guide thirty years ago, from the time he landed in Bombay. They met at Broomfield by a kindly, unplanned, pathetic concurrence of events, which often surprise us, in the cycles of providence. Soon they will part for distant shores, to meet in the Else-

where of our appointments, in lands of the morning, and this meeting at Broomfield will be a memory fragrant with what is best in the transiences of time. Dr. Buchanan died in 1875, Dr. Wilson the same year, the subject of this memoir four years after. So beautiful, so weird, such abysses, so meaningful, are our lives in marriage, in birth, in death, in meetings and partings.

CHAPTER XV.

1873.

THE AMERICAN EPISODE—MEETINGS OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE IN NEW YORK—REV. NARAYAN SHESHADRI.

'The tendency of ordinary men is to invest every age with the attributes of their own time. This is specially the case in religious history. The Puritan idea that there was a biblical counterpart to every—the most trivial—incident or institution of modern ecclesiastical life, and that all ecclesiastical statesmanship consisted in reducing the varieties of civilisation to the crudity of the times when Christianity was as yet in its infancy, has met with an unsparing criticism from the hand of Hooker. The same fancy has been exhibited on a larger scale by the endeavour of Roman Catholic and High Church divines to discover their own theories of the Papacy, the Hierarchy, the administration of the Sacraments, in the early Church. Such a passion for going back to an imaginary past, or transferring to the past the peculiarities of later times, may be best corrected by keeping in view the total unlikeness of the first, second, or third centuries to anything which now exists in any part of the world.'

DEAN STANLEY.

THERE are not many incidents, and but few way-marks, in the short valley that now remains of the years hasting with their burden to the deep ocean where time empties the vast and varied contents of a human life. One way-mark is an American tour, and the companionship and message which Miller then undertook.

In 1873 the Sixth General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance held its session of ten days in New York, in the month of October. To this conference was invited the Rev. Narayan Sheshadri, Brahman missionary of the Free Church of Scotland. He had been intimately known to Miller in Bombay, and Dr. Miller offered to go

with him, to introduce him, to take charge of his engagements, to make him comfortable in a foreign country.

It was a majestic gathering, this conference; and these meetings have done much to break into the crust of those superficial theories about doctrine and government which separate the churches. These are festal gatherings. But not till we learn that variation is a divine law, and that the Christian life, like all organic life, will develop species, and that the internal unity will evolve external diversity, and that every diversity is divine,—not till then will we appreciate each other's position. So long as we hold the shallow idea that there is only one system of truth in the universe, and only one form of church government which has the divine sanction —so long as we believe in the divinity of sameness—we will only tolerate each other. And after a short truce of festivities, we will again quote Scripture against each other,

and war will be let loose, and Evangelical Alliance meetings will be unrealities. A chronic confusion infests our minds about unity and uniformity. A unity of life produces not external uniformity but external diversity. Vitality always issues in a visible diversity of function and structure and habit: sameness is one of the things which is banned in God's universe.

The curlew is a wading bird, the ostrich a running bird, the pheasant a scratching bird, the woodpecker a climbing bird, the linnet a perching bird, making orders of feathered life with structural differences so great that they cannot be paired amongst each other. But they are all rooted in the unity of bird life; that unity has produced these large differences of order, and still minuter differences of species. They are of divine creation, and the pheasant cannot question the divine authority which the linnet has for its existence, and the woodpecker does not excommunicate the ostrich.

Till this idea, learnt from the theology of nature, from the essential nature of life, enters into the theology of the church, there will be no heart alliance, or just perception, or holy appreciation between Episcopalians and Presbyterians and Congregationalists and Methodists and Baptists. But Evangelical Alliance meetings have been unconsciously developing a juster and more amiable theology. Hugh Miller and Narayan Sheshadri go to America to help the progress of the churches in unknown paths of theology and life.

Narayan Sheshadri was a Brahman youth baptized in 1843, two years after Miller arrived in Bombay. He was one of the first individuals from the upper classes who embraced Christianity, of the priestly and patrician order; believed by the humbler classes, in their reverence for the learning and sacredness of humanity, to have a strong divine infusion in their blood. He is the first-fruits in Western

India of the encounter of the gospel with the subtle philosophy of the East, and the proud hierarchy of Brahmanism, and the invincible rigidity of caste. In him was seen the acceptance by a representative man of the proposals of the Bible, the prophecy that the simple conception of God as a Spirit must oust the notions of many gods, and that the vision of a remedial system in Christ is as acceptable to the human mind now as it was in the first three centuries, and that a personal immortality is as inspiring a force in the tropics as it was in the temperate zone of Europe.

Narayan Sheshadri soon became a typical Christian, was licensed and ordained to the ministry, and universally beloved. In his Brahmanical blood he brings with him a natural elevation of character and grace of manner, now brightened by Christian thought and feeling, which becomes a picture of human worth, very

attractive and of diffusive influence. Though separated from his countrymen, a voluntary exile from all that we hold dearest and most precious, he lives in joyful thoughts. His calm, thoughtful, well-informed, serious mind soon commanded the admiration and regard of his offended countrymen. No ordinary man, he; a man of energy as well as thought; a quiet enthusiasm of helpfulness prompting him to unwearied labours of good; an amiable strength and an unruffled temper ever dwelling in him. Elected a Fellow of the University of Bombay, he elected himself to a rural mission to his countrymen, and leaves the attractions of a commercial and university city to become the obscure preacher to rustics, the counsellor of humble Christians, the organizer of village communities of the poor and the despised, as a focus of Christian radiation. This mission he has superintended to this day, with a wife

like-minded, and sagacious, and of energy second only to his.

He speaks English with the idiomatic correctness of a born Englishman, and the fluency of a master; is an English preacher of no mean order. He has his knowledge, both Eastern and Western, always in hand, lying orderly in his mind, on which he draws with skill; some humour sparkles over his sayings, and he can make an audience laugh right out. Speaking in the General Assembly of the facility with which he took to the Calvinistic theology, he thought it must have been because he was 'a black Scotchman.' A rare gift to the Church and to missions; a man like Apollos, to whom Dr. and Mrs. Miller had been very much like Aquila and Priscilla. For some years he was every Sunday in their house in Rampart Row teaching their servants.

This was the man whom the American

churches had asked to speak on the propaganda of missions to the conference, and whose help they further sought that he may stir the missionary enthusiasm throughout that great continent. Dr. and Mrs. Miller accompanied Mr. Narayan Sheshadri to New York. They started on the 13th September in the *California*, 3400 tons. The following notice of the missionary and his friend was given in the *Proceedings* of the Alliance :—

'The Rev. Narayan Sheshadri, a converted Brahman, is the first native ordained minister from India that has ever visited our country. He was so much in demand during his brief sojourn in the United States, that he had no time to elaborate an essay. . . . The presence of this brother at the conference, clothed in his native dress, and telling with unaffected simplicity, but in the purest English, and with great intelligence and eloquence, the good old story of our own spiritual experience in repentance, faith, hope, was one of the most interesting facts connected with this remarkable assembly. . . . His influence in promoting missionary zeal will long be felt. In him, too, we witnessed the beneficial effects of the higher education given in India by the Scotch missionaries. America is placed under great

obligation to Dr. Duff for kindly consenting to allow Mr. Sheshadri to leave an important engagement in Scotland, in order to come to this side of the Atlantic; to Dr. Hugh Miller, who so kindly and at considerable sacrifice accompanied him; and to our own Mr. George H. Stuart, through whose indomitable enterprise the whole matter was successfully arranged. We congratulate our Scotch brethren on the possession of such a missionary,' p. 605.

The festival of the Evangelical Alliance was only a fragment of the plan before them. There was hard work to do. Mr. Sheshadri was lent to the American Church to rouse and intensify the enthusiasm of missions, and he pleaded for a special scheme, the idea of missionary work which he was practically carrying out in the village community he was forming. His presence everywhere was exciting; his speeches thrilled the vast audiences; there is a persuasiveness and pathos, and an interest in his addresses, which fix the attention and leave the hearer unwearied. He was dressed in his own Brahmanical costume of a white tunic

and white head-dress, and was a figure to be looked upon. In the streets he was often taken for a foreign ambassador, and Dr. Miller as his secretary and translator. On more than one occasion a curious and impetuous soul rushed out of the crowd to interrogate Dr. Miller, 'Ambassador! is he an ambassador?' Miller, in another sense, would add, 'Yes, ambassador,' sometimes, 'Ambassador of the Lord Jesus;' scenes which Miller used to relate with a quiet humour.

They remained in America for two months and a half, returning 27th November. They traversed 3950 miles through the States and Canada in continuous service. Much good was done, much work, which was left as a permanent force in the land, and the propaganda of missions raised in the thought and emotion and hopefulness of the American churches.

Dr. Scovel, minister at Pittsburg, re-

ceived this missionary party, and has written me his impressions, which, as coming from a far country, have a special interest :—

'PITTSBURGH, PA., U.S. OF AMERICA,
'*July* 3, 1882.

'THE REV. MR. PEYTON.

'DEAR SIR,—There is sometimes an interest in knowing how an esteemed friend has appeared to strangers. This reason may make a word seem less intrusive, as a record of the uniformity of the impression which the subject of your memoir everywhere produced.

'He came to us as the friend of missions, and as the wise counsellor of Sheshadri. Dr. Miller's knowledge of "Naryan," as he was accustomed to call him, from his baptism onwards, certified the latter to us as nothing else could have done. We felt instinctively that we could rely upon both the character and the statements of one with whom Dr. Miller had already had so much to do. While the tender respect which Sheshadri always manifested toward Mr. Miller told the story of their affectionate devotion to each other, and to the Lord's work on the far-distant field.

'We remember well whose good fortune it was to be, even for so short a time, his hosts, how courteous and gentle, how intelligent and quick, he was as to

every good thing. We instinctively accepted him as a choice representative of that which we had always been taught to honour as best in Scottish character and in our common Presbyterianism. It would be impossible for us to think of his ever being anywhere less than an exemplification of steadiness, conviction, wide views, and the progress of God's kingdom. No single interest of that kingdom could exhaust his sympathies, and his faith could not learn to pronounce the words "fear" or "failure," from whatever difficulties.

'We shall always love to think of him as a model of Christian simplicity and strength combined. During his brief sojourn, he won all our hearts, and we mourned his death.

'With expressions of sincerest sympathy to Mrs. Miller.—Yours with great respect,

'SYLVESTER F. SCOVEL,
'*Pastor, First Presbyterian Church.*'

In the photograph of the Alliance, Mr. Narayan Sheshadri is represented in the act of shaking hands with Mr. George H. Stuart, and Dr. and Mrs. Miller standing beside him. Is there another man in Scotland who could have accompanied the Brahman missionary with so much fitness, heartiness, and success?

CHAPTER XVI.

1878 AND 1879.

THE VISION OF THE HILLS—WARNINGS ABOUT HEALTH—INCREASE OF WEALTH—CITY OF GLASGOW BANK—DEATH.

'Strong Son of God, Immortal Love
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

'Thine are these orbs of light and shade:
Thou madest life in man and brute,
Thou madest death; and, lo, Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

'Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest Man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

'Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

'Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

'We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.'

TENNYSON.

THERE is a feature of Celtic poetry impressed upon it by the hills and the history which hills bounded by the sea have given to the Scottish Celts. A sadness is in the heart of the Ossianic poems. In the sensitive temperament of the Celt, he swings perhaps too quickly from the glad side of things to the sad side. But he makes himself very familiar with the still, tragic, and serious aspects. The domed and castellated and sphinx-like summits of the Bens, the mists which shroud them, the weird ballochs or passes, and the shaded straths, and the ocean beyond, and unseen lands on the horizon —these have influenced his sentiments. The Gael has been ever in motion. It is

the glory of the Celtic races that they make the moral floor of Europe. The Romans, the Teutons, and the Slaves are the overlying human strata. The Scottish Celts have preserved their individuality by moving westward before the absorbing tide of the Engles, the Jutes, and the Saxons. Their last and only possible homes were the western mountains, and there they are, clinging to the inlets and islands of the sea. Their look over the sea, and their history, colour the poetry of their visions. The dropsical moorlands, the bouldered hillsides, cannot keep them; their destiny is somewhere else and beyond, and they seem to have seen America before it was discovered, and to have been prophetic of migrations. The poet is always the prophet, and he tells his people that they must move on. This gives the dye of mournfulness to the Ossianic fragments. And the natural ever suggests the spiritual.

Broomfield is situated on the first inlet of the sea which cuts into the highlands of Argyllshire, and the Gareloch is fragrant of the Gael. To the north and north-east and north-west is a sky-line of hills always to be seen; and beyond is the ocean, already visible in the section of it in the loch. The Distant and the Hereafter are not dimnesses to us, nor are we left to the transparencies of the early youth of the race through which to discern their outlines. Our feelings are more complex, and it is difficult to say whether we have gained much by the complexity. To devout souls like Dr. and Mrs. Miller, the future stood revealed in Christ's words, and in the light of the certainty which the syntax of language gives to thought. They were now past sixty years of age, nearer sixty-five, and life is on the slopes of the zenith, and the melancholy which touched the Celtic sensibilities in sceneries like the Gareloch, has touched them. They are looking beyond the sky-

lines of earthly hills, and the horizons of the Atlantic, to lands beyond, where our true homes are. Mrs. Miller has been in delicate health for some time. Dr. Miller has been warned.

Dr. Begbie has informed him of the presence of what is vaguely known as heart disease. He has been taking on fat, and muscular tissue was being converted into fatty tissue. The action of the heart depends upon clean muscular fibres. When these fibres get streaked with white zigzag spots, danger is near. Dr. Begbie has told him that with care he may live long enough, and that calmness was needed in the tendencies to degenerated fibre.

These sunsets on which the hills have looked for thousands of years, and man, the lord of the hills, looks only for a few years, making him a transience and them a permanence,—they enter into the Ossianic undertone of sadness; they suggest the

dread which is the basis and background of the religion of nature which is the basis of us all. The transfiguration of Christ was a festival of the soul just before His death, to glorify that desolation which was pressing upon Him with its intolerable burdens. The devout spirit, reading the Bible every day, and seeing the shadows of the Elsewhere across his path, has moments of transfiguration, when grants of strength are got and the oppressive mystery of the future is glorified. In his letters to me of this period the shadows are lying on his thoughts and lining his sentences.

Miller has been getting rich within these few years. Only a year before his death, he has sold his share of the Ceylon plantation, and has added £32,000 to his fortune, which was not all realized even at his death. Another £20,000 was added within the five years before his death. His wealth came at the very end of his days. He retired from India only with a

handsome competency. This fact must be borne in mind by friends and good people who may have thought, from the money he bequeathed, that he might have done more in his lifetime.

Money in itself is just about as vulgar a thing as there is in this world, and about as useless. Material good is no good to a human soul; it is merely a circumstance on which he is nowise dependent. To surround ourselves with materialisms is to vulgarize the soul, and poverty rules this world to keep us from their enfeeblements. This is also the sublime teaching from the presence of Him who brings a destitute divinity into the world, around which was no earthly style, who steadily refused to turn stones either into bread or to gold. Except there is a compensation somewhere, money as charity does even more harm than good; for what men need is not circumstance, but the soul that relies on its own destiny, and that takes manfully to the

struggle of life, that lives in the glory of effort and of suffering. The struggle for existence is a law of all organic life, and finds its crown prince in man, when that struggle is glorified by thought and emotion and sacrifice. Human nature is made to shine through the gloom, to triumph over matter, to make even death the medium of a higher life. There is nothing so tawdry as an exhibition of state and style, nor so unsatisfying as large houses and long acreages with the infinite in our souls. It makes an impression on the savage, but none on the man of thought. The King of Persia, in his late visit to Britain, was so impressed with the state of the Duke of Sutherland, that he said to the Prince of Wales that he could not tolerate so rich a subject. No one amongst us is so impressed with the material as the King of Persia.

Moneyed men are appropriately respected amongst us, because we regard

their money as symbols of brains and toils, or still higher, as symbols of noble character and principled action. Not in itself. Money laid on the altar of Christian service is a sanctified dynamics, a consecration of uncalculated good. When money possesses a man, he does not possess it. The hoarder and the selfish spender may as well build a tomb of gold and bury himself alive in it. Every one who had been in Broomfield must have been impressed that there was no ostentation there, or an over-value of material good made visible. Wealth without sympathy is only a mockery of the true property of human souls.

To glorify the wealth which is flowing into our commercial country is a present problem before us. To know how to use it and how not to use it, how to dispose of it, how to leave it to children so as not to spoil them, to make it a river of blessing, is a present question for society. A man who has £4000 a year from funded

property should distribute at least £500 a year to his respectable and struggling poor relatives, not to enrich them, only to make them a shade more comfortable than they are. A man who leaves £50,000 should gladden a wide circle of his poor and well-doing relatives by giving them a share of it. £8000 so left is a small proportion, and would be a vast sunshine, and oh! to be suns, to gladden human hearts in the rough and darkened paths of life. We should also brighten the intimacies and friendships of life by legacies of small sums, remembrances of life. There are country clergymen, country doctors, and friends of early days, to whom we are all indebted for helps and services, to whom the legacy of £200 would be a sunshine, struggling to educate their families. To leave £40,000 to our own family is quite enough. This is the sort of education to which men of wealth should give themselves, and they will bring upon wealth the benedictions of

the vast majority who look upon wealth as an exception, and may come to regard it as abnormal. Wealth produces jealousies, envies, and social sorenesses, and economic storms; and the envy of the rich grows in a rich country, as it is in America, as a fester in society. Customs like these, which need to be mentioned for education in them, will sweeten the riches of the land and brighten the friendships of life, and make social contentment.

Miller, in his will, left about £30,000 to twenty-seven relatives. It was a will which would, no doubt, have been modified, still more to the benefit of his friends, as it was made the year before his death, soon after his wealth had grown into its large proportions. A model will, disposing of large funds, requires time and thought to acquire just perspective.

Miller drew to the end, with earthly good increasing around him, but not materialized thereby, the same man that

he was ten years ago, twenty years ago, an unspoilt child of grace, with the unseen world visible before him as ever.

It was more than forty years ago that the young life of Hugh Miller met the young life of William Taylor, and the result was that the young surgeon married Mr. Taylor's sister. The friendships between the brothers-in-law grew apace. But soon these two lives circle in orbits far from each other, in lands separated by oceans, in different life spheres, each doing the work given to him, true workmen in God's universe. A continuous correspondence has passed between Bombay and Glasgow, home business uniformly conducted by Mr. Taylor for his brother-in-law. Dr. Miller's numerous friends coming home had always been introduced to Mr. Taylor, and found at Neustead, on the Govan side of Glasgow, a warmth of welcome and genial hospitality. After an intimacy of more than forty years, these lives meet in

a tragedy. Mr. Taylor has risen to the first place in the commerce of Glasgow—a beloved, useful, honoured man; very genial, true, and guileless; a bailie of the commercial metropolis, like his father before him; representing the Town Council in the General Assembly; on the directorate of many civic institutions, and on the directorate of the unfortunate corporation of the City of Glasgow Bank. He is involved in that huge financial ruin, though the guilty knowledge of the Bank's transactions is not in his possession. Only a year or so before the crash he had placed his own brother and son on the share list of the Bank, ignorant of the nature of those unsecured advances, into the gulf of which eight millions of money were shot as so much rubbish. Miller stands by his relative through the arrest and imprisonment. He is present in Edinburgh at the trial, sits in court through the twelve days that it lasted, listening all day long to the

evidence, affected with the protracted anguish of its uncertain issue. These were January days, frosty and raw and cold. He knew he was suffering from heart disease; excitement was not the thing for him; but affection had overborne considerations of danger. Sentence was pronounced on Saturday, the first day of February, and he left that day for Broomfield. I was there and parted with him at the Waverley station.

The strain of this week told on him, though imperceptibly. There was no visible disturbance. It was noticed on the week following that, at the congregational prayer meeting, he had offered up a prayer of a singularly elevated character, as if he had seen a new meaning in life, and a new sense in Scripture, as if a shadow of the other world had flitted across his path.

On Tuesday the 11th February 1879, he had lain in bed, with a slight headache,

with no symptoms to give the least alarm, and no suspicion of what was coming. About three o'clock in the afternoon, his bell rang; he had drawn out his hand from the bedclothes, and moved up a little and pulled a bell within reach, and then had fallen back and expired. Some sensation and signal had spoken to him of danger, and he seeks an assistance which was not appointed to him. When the butler came up, he had breathed his last. So swift, so abrupt, so unexpected is the discharge of the body, the spirit in an instant of time in its own native spheres; the poor fires of the body quenched, the starry fires kindled; the spirit in the light-girdle and life-flames of its transfigured powers. Death to him had not the tragedy of dying, around the bed of which we watch and serve, and gaze with reverence on the wasting disfigurements which glorify the human form to the eye of love.

Mrs. Miller died as suddenly three years

after, on the 29th December 1882. To these two souls, made for each other, linked together for forty years in the secrets and incidents and pathos and movements of life, is appointed the same manner of death, without a deathbed, no time for farewells, or last directions, or acquiescence in the law of death, or a single lustrous thought of the wonderland they are then fronting. Our birth is the first mystery; our death is the last mystery: we live mysterious beings all through, walking on the borders of sense and spirit, and then crossing, often in the leap of a single moment, over into the lands of the spirit.

Farewell, dear friends, and a short farewell; for we too shall soon be in the revelations of these unmapped shores, beyond the unexplored ocean which now separates us. We also shall see the face of God and worship in the temple of the Infinite, and work in the holy place of the ideas, laws, affections, and sacrifices, outside

of which we now are; produced by the ages, the ages will keep us for their eternal silences and serenities.

All that is mortal of them lies in the cemetery of Helensburgh; a massive grey granite cross marks the resting-place of their ashes.

CONCLUSION.

Is not this man, then, a hero of the Christian idea, and does he not in death bear the knighthood of the idea?

Heroism sadly needs a definition amongst us. It is not rare faculties, or rare occasions, or rare deeds, that confer the title of hero. It is a far more accessible greatness and grade of honour. He is the hero who takes up an interest or cause outside of the material, and makes an idea of it, and lives for his ideality, and carries it with him everywhere, and is true to it and brave for it, and finds a home and sphere in it, and contributes service to it. The kingdom of God and the kingdoms of man were Miller's ideality. When first his eye was opened to it, we have not been able to give a date to: more than probable it has no date; it was a gradual unfolding. We see him in

his youth a Sabbath school teacher; as district surgeon in Glasgow he distinguishes himself for his regard to the poor. He writes from Bombay of money, 'My creed is to do good with it in my own way;' he kindles with the missionary enthusiasm which the school of Wilson, Nesbit, Henderson, and Mitchell have awakened; by means of diaries and their self-inspections, he is working himself into spiritual calmness; he is ever helping the young into finer conditions; benevolence is a business with him; he throws himself heartily into church life and missionary work in his leisure at home; he goes to America to recommend the missionary enterprise; he leaves a large portion of his wealth to subserve the good of men. There is a unity in the aim from the beginning. In early poverty and toil and struggle, and later leisure and wealth, the idea of doing good is always there and the abandonment to the ideality. Poetry and imagination are not in his constitution,

—if anything, he is prosaic and matter of fact; but the heroic soul builds up the idea and makes life a poem. This dedication to the spiritualities in our world makes us heroic, and this is the meaning of heroism.

And does not this life, made out by a human soul, make us feel that the inhabitants of our planet belong to a respectable race?—a truth which is beginning to be needed. Miller's profession brought him to know the darker sides and diseased secrets of men. As a man of business he saw men in the undress of the market and the selfishness of money-making. Yet he was a lover of human nature, and discerned its finer and infinite possibilities. We have had a philosophy lately which deified human nature, and one still later is beginning to degrade it, as if the fatal flaw in the human mind is to see-saw and never find an equilibrium. Such bogus questions are being seriously discussed, 'Is life worth living?' 'Life is never beautiful, only the

pictures of it are so;' life is 'a long and ceaseless struggle without victory,' is the rheumy teaching of Arthur Schopenhauer, whom Germany has recently honoured. There are experiences in which, in all ages, the evil side of things is too visible, and in a very old book these moods have found eloquent expression, that 'man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble.' In this dark humour, Carlyle, who knew better, spoke of the inhabitants of these islands as 'mostly fools.' This pessimism in olden times had been limited to times of watery humours; to rheumatisms floating in the mind. It is now proposed to make it into a philosophy, and offer a system of misery to human thought.

In the core of Miller's nature you will find a reverence for man's worth and pity for his sins and follies; and it is the secret of his endeavours to do good. All that he knew of man only excited this combined reverence and pity. And is not this

perception of human worth the visible token of goodness of soul and superiority of mind? The gospel that the angels preached to the shepherds of Bethlehem was that of gladness, in song, 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will to men.' The service which this gospel inspired was like this, 'And I will gladly spend and be spent for you, though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved.' This reverence becomes the priesthood of a victorious sacrifice, 'For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh.'

Miller was a churchman and liked to follow church leaders, and was percipient of ecclesiastical greatness, and loyal to customs and catechisms. He was produced on the old system; the old theory of the universe was enough for him, and the fertility of the old system is made visible in him. The evangelical idea has that

profound vitality which will ever produce new species of ideas. All men who are truly in it, and make their lives heroic with its practice, give the germs to their successors of a larger and gladder theology. Our traditions are rest for us, but living traditions are ever shaping new traditions, and the formative process is one of unrest. The arc of theology in which a layman moves is short, but it is not the intellect that creates religious ideas. Fresh religious thought is produced by earnest lives lived by men like Miller, and the intellect only registers it. Miller travelled on the conventional highways of thought and action; and it is by means of these highways, well kept by those who have gone before us, that new-comers explore the hills and skies of the great country and find new lands.

Industry was Miller's element. He gave service to the world, and chartered the years for that purpose. Only by faithfulness to work, and a pious contradiction of indul-

gence and softness, can a life like his be made out, and the distance between Gallowayford and Broomfield be traversed. And this is a route which we can all take. He got duty done. He solved the problem which besets every human soul—how to reconcile his lower self to his better self, pleasure and obedience. He made philanthropy a science; and his labour was not servile, or it would have extinguished itself. It was free service, like that of a burgess of the kingdom whose franchises he held. He did what was in him to do, the best and the loyalest, with such faculties as were his.

Miller was a man of middle stature, broad-shouldered, roundly built, of pleasing face, on which a smile came easily. His features were of the placid sort, but out of which fire could flash; his forehead high, marked with lines; his complexion was blonde with colour. All which may be seen on the canvas of Macbeth, a

portrait now in the possession of the Rev. John Steel, ultimately the property of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow.

In the moralities he was blameless. He lived in a mild light, saw nothing in lurid colours; there were no deep shadows or grapplings with great problems. Earth was well governed for him; he got in it more than he deserved; he was thankful; never at feud with his environments. He knew himself as a disciple under discipline, and a minor under tuition, and a sinner under healing. So he fulfilled himself.

And so he reached the azure Remoteness. 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.'

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